This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07481865 3

WITH GARLANDS GREEN

Presented to the
Public Library
of New York City.
By Abba Gould Woolson.
Windham, Maine.
April 21. 1916.

Woolson

WITH GARLANDS GREEN

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Abba Goold Woolson

WITH

ANDS GREEN

BY

[illegible] GOOLD [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] CAMBRIDGE [illegible]

[illegible]

WITH GARLANDS GREEN

BY

ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PRIVATELY PRINTED

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

MLCCCCXV

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
743269
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1916 L

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY
ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

TO C. M. F.

I call to thee, dear comrade, as I pass
  With garlands green, to deck, as in our youth,
  The ancient shrines of Honor, Love, and Truth.
Before their altars, in untrodden grass,
We kneel together; turning then to greet
  The flame of Poesy, whose untended fire
  Still burns, to meet the soul's unquenched desire.
Nor these the only paths to claim our feet:
  For thou wilt lead where nature's beauty, hid
In sylvan solitudes, is known to thee,
  Of tree and fern and sailing cloudlet born.
If thou be with me, I go companied
  With Grace and Gaiety, and a spirit free
And buoyant, as the happy winds of morn.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The New Year	3
A Summer's Day	6
Good Night	8
Maid Marian	10
Chestnut Woods	12
To a Pansy	14
Sans Souci	16
Over the Hills	18
Lake Winnepesaukee in October	20
The Merrimac at Haverhill	22
On a Cameo of Ceres	25
Sonnet	26
Edith	27
Spring Violets	29
The Lost Heart	30
To a Sensitive Friend	31
Violet Eyes	35
Why Love is Blind	38
In the Fields	41
Carpe Diem	43
My Ship, the Algalore	46
Our Last Croquet	49
A Winter Dream of Princeton	52
Rest	54
The Hero	56
Pro Patria	58
Our Buried Soldier	59
Nightfall	61

PAGE

THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË 62
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT 64
OVER THE WAY 66
HIST, HOWLING WINDS 68
FALLING LEAVES 69
IN RUINS 71
TO MY BIRD IN THE SOUTH 73
MY JOSIE 75
THE MID-DAY MOON 78
EARLY AUTUMN 80
LATE AUTUMN 82
HER HOME 83
MISTRESS MARY 85
VANITY FAIR 87
RENUNCIATION 89
TO A VENERABLE TEACHER 91
ON LEAVING THE VILLA BELVIDERE 93
AN ANSWER 95
REMEMBRANCE 97
THE BIRDS AND I 98
WITHOUT AND WITHIN 100
A LESSON FROM THE STARS 101
IN THE GRAVE 102
A WOMAN'S LOVE 103
CHLORIS 105
SONNET 107
IDLE NAN 108
CASTANETS 110
THE PRINCESS 112
BY RIGHT DIVINE 113
MICKIE BROWN 115
PRINCE JAMIE 116
ALL FOR LOVE 118

PAGE
To a Swallow, Flying Seaward 120
The Harvest of Life 121
The Departing Year 123
Memories of Northern Spain 125
Thoughts in a Library 129
The Purpose of Life 138

OCCASIONAL POEMS

The Centennial Year of Portland, Maine 141
The City of Concord, New Hampshire . . 156
Dedication of the Fowler Memorial Library Building 169
The Mission of the Modern Church . . . 182
Prince Henry, the Navigator, of Portugal 190

WITH GARLANDS GREEN

THE NEW YEAR

I HEAR you, blithe New Year, ring out your laughter
And promises so sweet!
I see the circling months that follow after,
Arm-linked, with waltzing feet.

Before my door I stand, to give you greeting,
As swift you speed along,
And hear afar the echoes still repeating
Your thrills of jocund song.

White are the flying garlands that enwreathe you,
Wove of the gleaming snow,
And white the sloping fields that stretch beneath you,
Mocking the sunset-glow.

You shout with glee, like sportive children flinging
Wild roses in their play;
And sweet your laughter sounds, like bells a-ringing
At bridals far away.

I sat bemoaning that the year was waning,
The Old Year, true and tried;
But at your voice I hush my sad complaining
To win you to my side.

Ah! happy cherubs, I must trust your smiling,
  Your innocent, glad eyes!
Though well I guess what power of fond beguiling
  In their enticement lies.

And so I call across the buried clovers,
  Where dance your restless feet,
And cry — Good speed, my merry troop of rovers!
  Your promises are sweet!

The snow-drifts shine before me in the valleys
  Where you say Spring shall be;
And straight I picture blooming orchard-alleys,
  With birds on every tree.

Though all the night midwinter's moon is beaming,
  In cold, resplendent skies,
Beneath full boughs that glimmer in my dreaming
  June's leafy shadow lies;

And fancy sets the drowsy bees to humming
  Where lilacs flush and sway;
Forgetting, none the less, that their swift coming
  Must speed a chiller day.

O, youngest child of Time, no hint of sorrow
  Clouds your prophetic face!
And yet I know each radiant to-morrow
  Will lack a present grace.

In life, each spring-time grows less fresh and tender,
Each summer less divine;
I reap the harvests, but they fail to render
The fruits that once were mine.

Oh, give me back the loves your race have squandered,
Those giddy, spendthrift years!
The sunlit paths wherein my feet have wandered,
Youth's eagerness and tears;

And keep the strange, new gifts with which you cheat me,
Luring my wistful gaze!
From out the past you may not bring to greet me,
The friends of other days!

A SUMMER'S DAY

Black bees on the clover-heads drowsily clinging,
Where tall, feathered grasses and buttercups sway;
And all through the fields a white sprinkle of daisies,
Open-eyed at the setting of day.

Oh the heaps of sweet roses, sweet cinnamon roses,
In great crimson thickets that cover the wall!
And flocks of bright butterflies giddy to see them,
And a sunny blue sky over all.

Trailing boughs of the elms drooping over the hedges,
Where spiders their glimmering laces have spun;
And breezes that bend the light tops of the willows
And down through the meadow-grass run.

Silver-brown little birds sitting close in the branches,
And yellow wings flashing from hillock to tree,
And wide-wheeling swallows that dip to the marshes,
And bobolinks crazy with glee; —

So crazy, they soar through the glow of the sunset
And warble their merriest notes as they fly,
Nor heed how the moths hover low in the hollows
And the dew gathers soft in the sky.

Then a round beaming moon o'er the blossomed hill
coming,
Making paler the fields and the shadows more deep;
And through the wide meadows a murmurous humming
Of insects too happy to sleep.

Enchanted I sit on the bank by the willow
And hum the last snatch of a rollicking tune;
And since all this loveliness cannot be Heaven,
I know in my heart it is June.

GOOD NIGHT

O SWEET, my Love, the hour is late;
The moon goes down in silver state
As here alone I watch and wait;
  Though far from thee, my lips repeat
  In whispers low — Good night, my Sweet!

The house is still; but o'er the gloom
Of starlit gardens faint with bloom
I lean from out my darkened room;
  And only hear the roaming breeze
  Move softly in the lilac trees.

Somewhere, beneath these gracious skies,
My bonny Love a-dreaming lies,
With slumber brooding in her eyes;
  Go seek her, happy wind so free,
  And kiss her folded hands for me!

Across this dome of silent air
On tides of floating ether bear,
To where she sleeps, my whispered prayer: —
  The day has brought the night forlorn,
  God keep thee, little Love, till dawn!

While life is dear, and love is best,
And young moons drop adown the west,
My lone heart, turning to its rest,
  Beneath the stars shall whisper clear —
  Good night, my Sweet! though none may hear.

MAID MARIAN

Nor she who wore the kirtle green
In merry England's famous wood,
The happy-hearted bandit-queen,
Maid Marian of Robin Hood.
My darling bears her gentle name
In lands unknown to ballad fame;
No bugle winds, nor hunter calls,
Where tower her father's palace-halls.

All day she trails her silken skirt
Of Lincoln green o'er marble floors;
And trembles if the breezes flirt
Rose-petals 'gainst the bolted doors:
Where oft her dainty feet must cross
Lie fleecy carpets, soft as moss;
And carven ceilings proudly spread
Their snowy garlands o'er her head.

Maid Marian, at ease reclined,
Cares naught for forest-rangers bold:
One dream is dearer to her mind
Than all the simple Rhymers told.
For me, I swear, whene'er the shine
Of those soft eyes enkindles mine,

To shield her close, come weal or woe,
  From every breath the winds may blow.

My mother, when I bring her home,
  Will ask me what my Love can do;
If she can spin the flax alone,
  Or help her maids to bake and brew:
And when with idle, lily hands
  The little sprite before her stands,
Oh tell me, tell me what to say
  To charm my mother's scorn away!

To say? What timid words of mine
  Prevail as do the maiden's eyes?
What answer could my thought design
  To match her lips, for sweet replies?
No heart, though steeled to pretty wiles,
  Can brave the beauty of her smiles;
And so, with winning graces drest,
  My Love shall plead her cause the best.

CHESTNUT WOODS

DARK linden groves are fair to see,
And elms that fringe a sunny lea;
But chestnut woods are woods for me!

When suns like these fade bush and fern,
To twinkling gold the poplars turn,
And flaming far the maples burn.

Along the river's limpid flow
Bright leafy margins doubly glow,
Reflected in the depths below.

But braver boughs the frost defy,
Where chestnut woods swing wide and high
Their tufted green against the sky.

At noon beneath their shades I stray,
And note the sunbeams glint and play,
Forgetful of the year's decay.

Dry floors of moss my footsteps drown,
Where soft the spiky globes drop down
And rattle out their nuts so brown.

Lithe squirrels watch the falling burrs
From roadside walls; through clustered firs
A startled partridge slowly whirrs.

The dells are lit with asters pale;
Light, silvery seeds of thistles sail
Across the splendors of the vale.

Though maples there are flushing red,
And sumachs all their crimsons spread,
I know the summer has not fled.

For still these woods proclaim her queen,
Where chestnut branches, full and green,
Lift to the sun their glossy sheen.

When they put on their russet gold,
My heart shall own the year is old,
And turn to welcome frost and cold.

TO A PANSY

PRESSED smoothly in these printed leaves,
O faded flower of years agone,
Thou knowest naught of misty eves
Or thrilling light of morn!

The mould where once thy beauty grew
Has nourished many a later flower;
And skies still widen, clear and blue,
Above that garden-bower.

But thou, alone of all thy race,
Hast felt no touch of chill decay,
And wearest an immortal grace
While summers glide away.

Where dew-drops trembled, soft and bright,
A tear now falls from saddened eyes;
And kisses burn where beams of light
Smote fierce from noonday skies.

Not roses red that ope to-day,
Fresh blowing when the winds are free,
Nor tangled lilies, wet with spray,
Can win my heart from thee!

For one whose feet no longer tread
  Through leafy ways in gardens fair
Once paused, and bent her lovely head
  Above thy beauty rare;

And praised thy tissues finely wove,
  In that dear voice that nevermore
The winds may bear me, though I rove
  By plain and sea-girt shore.

Forever dark with velvet glooms,
  And golden-hearted as the dawn,
I still shall love thee when the blooms
  Of coming years are gone!

SANS SOUCI

If I and my Laurie had nothing to do,
If his store were locked up, and his writing were through,
And the house, from the door to the garret, were clean,
And the last ruffle stitched on that sewing machine,
If all care could be dropped for a day, do you know
Where Laurie and I in a jiffy would go?

There's a field where the grasses are high as your knees,
And whiteweed and buttercups rock in the breeze;
And under low branches a wall straggles round,
With blackberry vines overlaced to the ground;
And there we would sit, by the rivulet's brink,
Gazing out over hillocks — to what, do you think?

To a great bank of roses, so wide and so high
That they fill the horizon and toss on the sky;
So sweet, they are scented, the still, summer day,
By the bees and the humming-birds, meadows away;
And over them circles the white-breasted swallow,
Peering down at their pride in the green-dented hollow.

While I pinned a red cluster in Laurie's best coat,
And sought me another to wear at my throat,

He should tell me he loved me,— I think he did once —
When of course I should blush, like a silly young dunce;
And then — for who knows? — he might lift my torn
fingers
And kiss the last bruise where a cruel thorn lingers.

Anyhow 'twould be rapture, if nothing were said,
Sitting there in the bloom, with the clouds overhead,
Where the grass runs in billows aslant up the hill,
And the blackbirds and bobolinks never are still;
Where each swaying tendril a blossom discloses,
And butterflies reel o'er an ocean of roses.

Well-a-day, what's the use? Here he comes for his hat,
This Laurie, nor dreams what his gudewife is at;
He is off to his ledgers, and I — well, here goes
At four pairs of stockings all out at the toes,
A coat to be mended, and hems to be run
On a new summer scarf, ere my labors are done.

OVER THE HILLS

I SIT upon Wachuset, and behold
  Far to the north New Hampshire's mountains rise.
Nor steepled towns nor forest-lands, unrolled
  In near, encircling vales, can tempt my eyes
From those blue peaks that skirt the distant scene,
Veiling with softer light their brows serene.

Withdrawn in misty shadows, grandly dim,
  Monadnock towers supreme o'er all the view;
While faint as dreams, upon the horizon's rim,
  The Unkanoonucs lift their domes of blue;
And clustered fair, in nearer plains below,
The hills of Sharon catch the sunset-glow.

I see no longer town or gleaming pond,
  Bathed in the mellow splendors of the west,
But gaze away to those cool heights beyond;
  Where wavy range and solitary crest
Speak to my heart of scenes I loved of yore
Beneath their slopes, in days that are no more.

O lone bird, soaring near this airy peak
  Whereon I sit, stay not for darkening skies!
O'er rosy lakes and purpling valleys seek
  A little city in the north, that lies

Set low in meadows by a river wide,
With trees embowered, and fields on either side!

When there, alit upon some gilded vane
  That tells its dwellers of the veering wind,
Your eye shall scan the movements on the plain,
  The haunts I love, the friends there left behind.
Look close and long, for I shall question well,
When home you speed again, your tale to tell!

O happy bird, sweet bird, the shadows grow!
  I sit alone, and watch the sunset pale
Behind your flight, while in the woods below
  Shudders the night-wind, rustling from the vale.
Yet morn shall see your pinions sweeping down
With sunrise carols o'er that river-town!

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE IN OCTOBER

THE woods were flushed with every dye
That autumn's changing beauty bore;
From azure lake to azure sky
Their splendors crowned the sloping shore.

We sailed beneath a plumy wall
Of belted forests, tier on tier,
Meeting the heavens, that over all
Poured golden radiance, soft and clear.

Each lowest tree, a glowing shape,
Dipped to the wave its branches wide;
While rounded isle and jutting cape
Reversed their glories in the tide.

Like hosts arrayed the maples stood,
With flaming banners lifted high,
Where, northward, over lake and wood,
Pale mountain-summits cleft the sky.

There Whiteface towered in sullen pride;
His flinty brow, though seared and rent
By wintry tempests, still defied
The thunderbolts in heaven unspent.

Dappled with shadows soft and warm,
As still the haunt of bird and bee,
Through mellow distance loomed the form
Of hazy, cloud-swept Ossipee.

With craggy summit sharp and bare
Chocorua held his state alone;
But hailed, through leagues of upper air,
Great Belknap on his lofty throne.

Ere waned the sunset's misty light
We turned our shallop, gliding fast,
And left each dim, receding height
To brave the winter's coming blast.

O friends, no longer at my side,
In dreams once more I sail with you!
Again, above the sunlit tide,
We lean to dip the waters blue;

Each singing low in calm delight,
And musing on some scene of yore;
As here my thought recalls to-night
The glancing lake, the burning shore!

THE MERRIMAC AT HAVERHILL

Flow on, O river, full and fast!
  You near, at length, the engulfing sea;
Yet tell me as you hasten past
  If no sweet message comes to me!

Here on the swaying bridge I lean,
  'Twixt rounded hills and peopled shore;
And strange is all the varied scene,
  And strange the faces passing o'er.

But I have watched you, miles away;
  For I remember well a town
Far up your banks, and whence to-day
  Your rippling waves have hurried down.

How looked it there this breezy morn?
  Saw you the meadows, green and wide?
Were swallows heralding the dawn,
  Skimming across your brimming tide?

Was Palmer's blesséd pathway sweet
  With breath of bloom and sun-steeped pine?
And, roaming there, did none repeat
  To loving friends a name like mine?

Were I up there, and they below,
  Fresh garlands, wove to tell my dream,
Should reach them in a birch canoe;
  But lambs are always down the stream!

I think of each; — the little friend
  Who quarrels with me, right or wrong;
But unto whom my love would send
  Its kisses printed in a song.

Kisses, forsooth! How we should clash
  In that old war, could we but speak; —
She raving o'er her Trojan trash,
  I battling for my glorious Greek!

And down some lane, with whip and plume,
  I see a bonny lassie go,
As swift as when the mountain Flume
  Beheld us shuddering, years ago.

One, from her window, views the scene
  Of bowered walks my fancy loves!
And marks, alighting on the green,
  A flock of snow-white, Paphian doves.

O best of women! when the long
  Soft, moonlit evenings make thee glad,
Look out, for me, above the throng,
  To dome and tree-top, silver-clad!

The tenderest thought in vain would know
  The half my longing eyes would see;
Yet winds will whisper, stars will glow,
  And you, dear heart, will think of me!

I know the robins' noisy call,
  From elm-trees, ere the morning shines;
I know the sandy plains where fall
  Dark shadows from the clustered pines.

And dreams of these return to me,
  As musing here, at close of day,
I wait upon the bridge to see
  The eddying waters roll away.

Now cold the rushing waves come down,
  The sunset-glamours fade and go;
And back, within the alien town,
  A sober pilgrim paces slow;

Yet happy-hearted, since her dream
  Brings blisses that the fates deny:
She keeps her tryst above the stream,
  And cares not where the summers fly.

ON A CAMEO OF CERES

THY face was carven by Italia's sea,
O mother-goddess of the golden hair!
And he who wrought thy lineaments so fair
Upon this polished shell had dreams of thee
As the glad giver; recking not the grief
That filled all lands with desolation sore,
And taught the seas to moan forevermore,
When thou from thy great anguish sought relief.
No vengeful curse of thine has made thee deaf
To prayers of men; but, blessing as of yore,
With reaper's sickle lifted from the sheaf,
Thou smilest 'mid the fields' ungarnered store.
Thus didst thou look ere Enna's blooming meads
Shook to the thunder of the coal-black steeds!

SONNET

SWEET Summer lures me with a thousand wiles:
She says: Come forth and hear my billows roar,
Foam-capped and blue, along a sultry shore,
Bearing the chill of sea-washed, northern isles!
Look skyward to my mountains! their defiles
Are resonant with snow-fed streams that pour
Down sunless steeps; and cloudlets wander o'er
Their shadowed summits when the noon-tide smiles:
Lone pasture-lanes that wind by meadow-trees,
And forest-alleys dim, are spread for thee,
Where thou with thy Beloved may'st walk at ease!
Ah! mocking Summer, thy delights abound!
Yet bring my friend to tread those aisles with me
And desert-wastes may whirl their sands around!

EDITH

Flowers white and flowers fair,
Bring them for my Edith's hair!
Trailing robe of satin sheen,
Girdle jewelled for a queen,
Misty laces floating wide,
Gayly spangled for a bride;
Bear them hither, maids, I pray, —
Edith is a bride to-day!

Clouds, with storm and thunder wroth,
Crouch behind the angry north!
Sunshine, freshened in the dew,
Sweep along the smiling blue!
Breezes from the distant hills
Gather coolness from the rills,
Through her floating laces play;
Edith is a bride to-day!

Hymen, clad in saffron fair,
Hasten through the waiting air!
Marriage-bells, ring out, ring out,
Burst the welkin with a shout!
Smiling maids in snowy frocks
Tarry in the churchyard-walks,

Scatter roses in her way,
Edith is a bride to-day!

Bliss, without the lover's smart,
Crown the bridegroom's happy heart!
Manly pride his bosom fill,
Strong to keep her close from ill!
Silence, let not Edith hear
Dropping of a secret tear!
Sorrow, leave my aching breast,
Breast of him who loves her best!

SPRING VIOLETS

Lifting the leaves beside a brooklet's bed,
I caught a glimpse of violets looking through.
Lo, all the ground beneath was stained with blue,
Soft as the azure bending overhead:
They lay there dreaming close beneath my tread,
So deeply hid that scarce the beaded dew
That damped the hillsides of their covert knew;
Only the weedy brook their pulses fed.
I had not thought a single bud did grow
In all the verdure of that grassy field,
While they were thick as stars in winter skies;
But careless feet like mine will never know
Where beauty loves to hide, all unrevealed
Save to the closer search of loving eyes.

THE LOST HEART

I HAVE lost my heart to-day; —
  Shepherds on the mountain-sides,
Have you seen a heart astray?
  Tell me where my treasure hides!
Lady fair, we watch our sheep
  Fearful lest a lamb should roam;
Would you thus your treasures keep
  You must guard them close at home.

Gentles, dreaming on the lawn,
  Pardon me, I humbly pray,
But my heart is fled and gone,
  Haply it has passed this way!
Hearts are foolish things, they said,
  Lightly lost and soon forgot;
Rest you here, my pretty maid,
  'Tis a trifle, — seek it not!

Straight I met a brown-eyed youth
  Coming onward through a wood;
And my blushes spake the truth
  Sooner than my language could.
Maiden, said he, looking down
  With his glowing eyes on me,
Maiden, I have lost my own;
  Let me seek for it with thee!

LINES TO A SENSITIVE FRIEND

ON HER VISITING PORTLAND, MAINE

You are off then to-morrow, to sniff the salt breeze,
And to take at the seaport your dignified ease
In the cool of her fogs and the gloom of her trees.
Ah me, when I think of such pleasures as these
All my heart is beguiled, and the longing grows wild
To roam through the streets that I knew when a child,
Julia, my dear!

For many a time I have watched from her shore
The gleam of a sail and the flash of an oar;
On her hill I have stood counting ships by the score
Through the glass that belonged to her old commodore;
But waiting I've been for my ship to come in
Till I fear she has sunk with her cargo of tin,
Julia, my dear!

Now here is a little advice, by your leave, —
A thing far more blessed to give than receive;
And I trust it may gain you a happy reprieve
From ills that might otherwise cause you to grieve;
Any one who observes the frail state of your nerves
Will allow it no more than their weakness deserves,
Julia, my dear!

Do not walk out at noon if the sun fiercely glows,
Lest your cheeks burn as red as the old-fashioned rose
That down in my grandmother's garden-bed grows;
Or a huge freckle darken the end of that nose;
And study the skies; for a wind might arise
And throw sandy dust in your violet eyes,
Julia, my dear!

Nor ever, my friend, be enticed to the wharf
When a Liverpool packet is just starting off;
For men, in a state that would pain Mr. Gough,
Will jostle you round; and you're sure of a cough,
To say nothing of wheezing and violent sneezing,
Till you reach a prime state for a delicate freezing,
Julia, my dear!

And this is not all; for wherever you go
A clumsy old rope will lie coiled at your toe;
And your gossamer flounces will wickedly blow
Just where tar and molasses in rivulets flow;
So take special care; and be sure not to wear
That apple-green organdie, should you go there,
Julia, my dear!

And there you meet sailors; so shockingly odd,
With their trousers so wide and their collars so broad;
They may look well in pictures; but one who has trod
On their low quarter-decks must feel thankful to God

That a creature so tanned was not made for the land,
But to dwell among fishes, sea-serpents, and sand,
Julia, my dear!

And they have on their ships such an unpleasant way
Of climbing up ropes, like wild monkeys at play;
While ashore, they go pitching about as if they
Still thought they were rolling half-over-the-bay;
You will own, for the nonce, that he must be a dunce
Who can't stand upright on his two feet at once,
Julia, my dear!

Their language is then so outlandish and queer
That I beg when you hear them beginning, my dear,
You will stand with a finger pressed hard to each ear;
Lest you could not forget the strange talk you would hear;
For they swear you By jingo, and other such lingo,
Learned no doubt of the heathen in far San Domingo;
Lord help us, my dear!

Let no friend persuade you a-sailing to go;
Since as sure as you do there will come up a blow,
— For they raise the wind quick in that harbor, you know, —
And then you may find a free passage below;
Or worse, as agree all who sail the blue sea,
You begin to be sea-sick, and feel like the D.,
Julia, my dear!

And steamboats themselves have a terrible trick
Of striking a ledge, where the fog hovers thick;
When you go rushing down like a thousand of brick,
And reach the dark bottom uncommonly quick;
Not a moment it spares for your toilet or prayers,
And no time to settle your little affairs,
Julia, my dear!

Once below, the sweet mermaids will alter their tones,
And beat you to jelly in spite of your groans;
While the mermen will sit on the slippery stones
A-smacking their chops, as they crunch your thin bones;
And gayly declare, with a swaggering air,
That you make a good supper when sculpins are rare,
Julia, my dear!

So when you are tempted to leave the safe shore
Remember the friend you profess to adore.
With a heart beating high to behold you once more
She may come some fine morning to call at your door;
Then how it would shock her, when they answered the knocker,
To hear you were fast down in Davy Jones' locker,
Julia, my dear!

VIOLET EYES

J. B. K.

Two eyes there are that beam for me,
Violet eyes;
Of loveliness so past compare
No painter's brush would ever dare
To blend a tint so soft and rare
For violet eyes.

Not tresses of her rippled hair,
Silky and brown,
Nor yet her voice, when light and clear
She trills the songs I love to hear,
To me can seem one half so dear
As violet eyes.

What blazing lights within them gleam,
Lustrous as stars!
What shifting splendors throb and glow
O'er creamy cheeks that pale below,
Like lightnings flashing over snow
In luminous skies!

As down the curling lashes go,
Veiling their light,

Sly-lurking under fringes fine
I see the frolic fancies shine
And leap unspoken into mine
From violet eyes.

Their lucent depths reveal a soul
Earnest and brave;
That never hides its eager sense
In honeyed language sweet and dense,
Lest honest words should give offence
To timorous ears.

The subtle charm that culture gives
Crowns her with grace;
A heart that knows no chill eclipse
Sits smiling on her parted lips,
And thrills me from the finger-tips
With welcoming clasp.

Since youth was ours, my little friend,
In weal or woe,
These liquid eyes have been to me
Clear wells of light, wherein I see
A heart's unmeasured constancy
And affluent love.

May Time, who makes all gifts his own,
Spare me this love!
That still its kindling glow may cheer

Life's dark decline, when sad and drear
I watch bright visions disappear
In pitiless night!

Through tears I see those lovely eyes
Sparkling with glee;
Yes, happy heart, forever gay,
We both will laugh the years away,
Until, like children tired of play,
We slumber at last!

WHY LOVE IS BLIND

At noon, across a woody glade,
I took my silent way,
And spied how by an alder-shade,
Asleep young Cupid lay;
His silver bow beside him flung,
With arrow spent and cord unstrung.

The cherub face was pillowed deep
Within one snowy palm;
So strangely still, I knew his sleep
Was death's eternal calm;
That secret pain or hostile blow
Had laid the little archer low.

Alone, unwept, — I sighed aloud, —
His sportive race is run!
Why does not Venus come to shroud
Her only, darling son?
Or send her team of sparrows here,
To bear him to a fitter bier?

A rose-bush, by the breezes fanned,
Was snowing o'er the ground:
I heaped the petals in my hand
And strewed them round and round;

I hid his neck, his body sweet,
And drifted them across his feet.

I could not bear to hide his head,
  His little face so fair,
The dimpled lips so firmly wed,
  The chin, the golden hair;
So two pink leaves of tiny size
I dropped above his lidded eyes.

I turned and mused, as on I went, —
  Since thus the gods have willed,
In mercy is their judgment sent;
  That men no more be filled
With grief and woe, and all the smart
His shafts awaken in the heart!

A sunbeam smote the leafy wood
  And slanted toward the place;
I turned a moment where I stood
  To see it light his face,
And touch the hands so marble-cold,
That never more a bow would hold.

When lo, where now the petals lay
  Two beaming eyes of blue,
With mirth and mischief held in play,
  Were slyly peeping through;

And round the lips so tightly drawn
A quick laugh rippled and was gone.

The sudden rapture that I felt
  Made all my pulses thrill;
An instant by the rogue I knelt;
  And, ere my thought could will,
I tore him from his rosy sheet,
And blinded him with kisses sweet.

IN THE FIELDS

I

How thick the flowers stud the shining grass
On hillsides greening in the warm May sun!
The branching buttercups have just begun
To lift their glossy bowls, and overpass
The strawberry blossoms, clustered in a mass
Of snowy bloom beneath. But violets shun
These breezy slopes, and hide where brooklets run
Through leafy coverts and the wild morass.
Broad dandelions spot with tufted gold
The green of meadows; every hedgerow yields
Its budding garlands pearled with morning showers.
Such fair delights before mine eyes unrolled
Bring childhood back; and in these smiling fields
My soul grows young again amid the flowers.

II

The air is peopled; all the happy day
Gay bobolinks flash by with liquid notes,
Or pour sweet melodies from trembling throats,
The while they rock upon a bending spray;
With languid wing, upon her devious way,
The butterfly in dreamy splendor floats;
And countless insect tribes, in spangled coats
Of gleamy gold, pursue their circling play.

Round every blossomed bough a wild bee hums;
And dragon-flies dart zig-zag through the air
O'er reedy ponds, on whirr of gauzy wings.
Thus every year a glimpse of Eden comes;
And life seems passing in that garden fair,
When Spring immortal all her beauty brings.

CARPE DIEM

Ah, Jennie, dear, 'tis half a year
  Since we sang late and long, my Love!
As home o'er dusky fields we came,
While Venus lit her tender flame
  In silent plains above.

I scarcely knew if rain or dew
  Had made the grass so fresh and sweet;
I only felt the misty gloom
Was filled with scent of hidden bloom
  That bent beneath our feet.

In songs we tried our hearts to hide,
  And each to crush a voiceless pain.
With bitter force my love returned,
But dared not hope that passion burned
  Where once it met disdain.

Thus singing still we reached the hill,
  And on it faced a breeze of June;
White rolled the mist along the lea;
But eastward flashed a throbbing sea
  Beneath the rising moon.

Your lips apart, as if your heart
  Had something it would say to mine,
I saw you with your dreamy glance
Far sent, in some delicious trance,
  Beyond the silver shine.

The hour supreme, that in my dream
  Should bring me bliss for aye, was come;
But though my heart was fit to break,
The scornful words that once you spake
  Smote all its pleadings dumb.

No note or word the silence stirred,
  As we resumed our homeward tread;
Below we heard the cattle browse,
And wakeful birds within the boughs
  Move softly overhead.

The hour was late when at the gate
  We lingered ere we spake adieu;
Your white hand plucked from near the door
A lily's queenly cup, and tore
  Each waxen leaf in two.

My hope grew bold, and I had told
  Anew my love, my fate had known;
But then a quick Good night I heard,
A whirring, like a startled bird,
  And there I stood alone!

Thus love-bereft my heart was left,
  At swinging of that cruel door;
So shut the gates of Paradise
On timid fools who dare not twice
  Ask bliss denied before!

Yes, Jennie dear, 'tis half a year;
  But all my doubts, my fears are flown;
For did I not on yesternight
Read once again your love aright,
  And dare proclaim my own?

THE ALGALORE

No heart can know how long ago
  My ship, the Algalore,
In morning breezes sailed away,
Beyond the cliff, beyond the bay,
Till, veering on the glowing skies,
She dipped, and vanished from my eyes.

Since then I pace along the beach,
  When sunsets flush the sea,
Or when the moonlight's silver shine
Flings o'er the wave its dancing line;
And almost hear, with eager mind,
Her busy crew the windlass wind.

For years November's rattling sleet
  Has frozen to her shrouds;
For years the spring's returning gales
Have dallied with her sun-lit sails;
Yet still I scan the tower in vain,
To find her signalled from the main.

Oh say, good vessels homeward bound,
  Saw you this ship of mine?
Spoke you a barque of sturdy build,
With colors up and canvas filled?

And gave she you no word to keep
Of how she fared upon the deep?

A gallant ship! no billow's rush
  Could whelm her in its tide;
No tempest part her solid decks
To strew the brine with floating wrecks;
But gayly still before the breeze
She skims the foam of tossing seas.

Her sails are snowier than clouds
  That fleece an April sky;
And from her prow an angel springs,
With lifted brow and sloping wings,
Who holds within light finger-tips,
A slender trumpet to his lips.

Blow me a note, O angel mine,
  Across the boundless waste!
Blow me a note, and I shall hear,
And know by that what course you steer,
Though leagues of tide-swept waters lean
And roll their thunder-tones between!

Her freight — ah, me! what bore she not?
  What wealth of heart and brain,
What faith, and love, and hopes untold
Lie stored within her ample hold!
My life is bankrupt, if in vain
She bear these ventures o'er the main!

Perchance, around her, breezes float
From off some blooming isle;
And there, begirt by lofty palms,
She rocks at ease in tropic calms,
And fears to near a craggy shore
Where billows leap and breakers roar.

Ho! laggard ship! Time speeds with me;
Give wings to every wind!
I long to see your crowded sails
Come swelling in on fresh spring gales:
I long upon the strand once more
To board my brave ship Algalore.

No sooner will she grate the sand
Than I shall bound beside,
To hail her sun-burnt sailors bold,
And ask, — What cargo in her hold,
What rich return she brings to me,
For all I sent across the sea?

But oh! ye calm, resistless tides,
Ere she come back to port
With empty hull and rigging torn,
To dash the hopes my years have borne,
Forever on your bosom keep
This homeless rover of the deep!

OUR LAST CROQUET

PULL up the wickets from the lawn!
No more croquet we play.
Clear, sunny days at length are past,
And now the snowflakes gather fast
Where yesterday we rolled our last
In this same little game of croquet.

The turf must soon be buried deep
For many a wintry day;
That well-worn turf, where, late and soon,
By summer sun and harvest moon,
Our mallets clicked a merry tune
In this same little game of croquet.

Yet oft shall we, with dreaming eye,
The vanished groups survey;
Still see them shifting o'er the ground,
Still hear their laughter's silver sound,
The sudden shout, the ball's rebound,
In this same little game of croquet.

There, golden-haired and tender-eyed,
Adonis leads the play;
While maidens on their mallets lean,

More fair than Ilium's stolen queen,
And view him smite with look serene,
  In this same little game of croquet.

Still trail upon the garden-wall
  Bright mantles, flung away
An arm's swift vengeance to promote;
And still from slender waist and throat
The wind-blown ribbons gayly float,
  In this same little game of croquet.

Again we move with careful stroke
  Amid the eager fray;
But when we deem all perils over,
And stakeward drive, a lurking rover
Still sends us spinning through the clover
  In this same little game of croquet.

What sparring of contending balls,
  What merciless roquet!
What famous shots, what hot disputes,
What knockings under tiny boots,
While off the luckless exile shoots
  In this same little game of croquet!

How lightly round our mallets swing,
  When luck has won the day!
How proudly, that the skies may know,
We sound our triumph o'er the foe,

And homeward, under starlight go,
From this same little game of croquet!

Fresh grow the turf whereon we trod,
When next returns the May!
And yet I can but query whether
We all may stand again together, —
Brave Golden-stripe and Azure-feather, —
And strike once more beneath the leather,
In this same little game of croquet.

A WINTER DREAM OF PRINCETON, MASSACHUSETTS

KEEN blasts sweep over Princeton hills,
  And round the fallen snow is whirled;
In gullies wide the drifts are piled,
  Their feathered crests all scooped and curled
In eddies of the wind so wild.

Its upland roads, blown clean and bare,
  Stretch out beneath the blanching moon;
Below, the sheeted country lies,
  With leafless forests darkly strewn,
Whose branches vein the frosty skies.

If cruel winter rages there,
  Where hide the little birds that flung
From every bush their merry strains?
  Where float the butterflies that swung
Alit on thistles in the lanes?

At morn, across the sunny road,
  Do shining snakes no longer glide
And vanish under mossy cones?
  Are crickets dumb at eventide,
Housed snugly under pasture-stones?

Ah me, the nests are brimmed with snow;
  Ice glitters where the leaves were green;
At dusk, upon the wayside bars,
  No more the happy farmers lean,
To gossip under dewy stars.

All this I know; and yet to me
  In summer's light the village gleams;
No stealthy frost that winter yields
  Sends shivers through the purling streams;
No breath of autumn seres the fields.

No scarlet leaves from maple boughs
  Twirl lightly down on faded grass;
No shadows from a driving cloud
  O'er plains of scanty stubble pass;
But buds are bright and birds are loud.

In shaded brooks the sun-drops play;
  Crows call above the rustling wheat;
From hidden nests, on quiet eves,
  Trill happy gurgles, low and sweet,
Half-smothered in the circling leaves.

When winter whirls about me here,
  I keep this picture in my mind;
And so, when chilling tempests lower,
  A summer in the past I find,
Whose glory floods my dreamy hour.

REST

A ROSE unbloomed for want of light,
With petals folded, cool and white;
A babe upon his mother's breast;
A glad bird dreaming in a nest;
Thus do I picture Rest.

World-weary, I have sought in vain
Some peaceful resting place to gain;
Now know I it may not be found,
Save in a narrow strip of ground,
Arched upward to a mound.

Then welcome, Death! since death alone
Can ease the pangs my soul hath known.
My heavy eyes, with sorrow wet,
In dreamless sleep shall soon forget
Life's labor and its fret.

Then lay me deep beneath a sod
Where bleeding feet have never trod;
So deep that I may never hear
The dropping of a human tear,
Or stifled cry of fear.

Place there a stone above the spot;
Of slate or marble care I not,
So be it it shall dull the tread
Of all sad walkers overhead,
Who pace above the dead.

Three days our Saviour lay at rest,
With weak hands folded on his breast,
Ere he unclosed his deathless eyes,
And, soaring through the upper skies,
Re-entered Paradise.

Thus would I pause a little space
To cleanse my soul from every trace
Of earth's blind agony and sin,
Before I dare to enter in
Where holiness hath been.

Three days, apart from care and doubt,
With grief not smothered, but sighed out!
Three days, that I mine eyes may steep
In cooling slumber, still and deep,
A soft, untroubled sleep!

Then with a glad heart speeding on
To where our risen Lord hath gone,
My bounding feet at length shall press
Those golden shores, where happiness
Waits, calm and measureless.

THE HERO

JOHN BROWN

THANK God that all the martyr-stuff
  Hath not yet perished from the earth,
That still there lingereth enough
  To give a stalwart hero birth!

Whence is it that, when ills are rife,
  There riseth, at the timely hour,
Some spirit fit to rule the strife,
  And wrest from Sin his vaunted power?

Men calmly claim for written thought
  An inspiration from on High,
And say the ready words were wrought
  To music sweet — they knew not why.

Is not a deed a surer gain
  Than thought, in closets brooding still?
Will not the Power that fired the brain,
  Direct alike the hand and will?

God-sent, the hero copes with wrong,
  God-guided chooseth he his means;
No words of blame to us belong;
  Let Him condemn on whom he leans!

While colder natures sit and plan
  A wiser method, surer laws
By which to free their fellow-man,
  And wipe away effect and cause;

Untrammelled by the lore of time,
  Forth steps a soul fresh-made from God,
And, moving with a trust sublime,
  It crushes error to the sod.

Success or loss — who can compute?
  Let praise be still and judgment dumb
Till we shall see what hidden fruit
  Will ripen in the years to come!

May, 1860.

PRO PATRIA

IN MEMORY OF LIEUT. SAMUEL FESSENDEN

SLEEP, soldier, sleep! for thee no more
The drum shall beat, the sabre shine!
No more shall flash the moving steel,
Close-serried down the line!

On trampled turf thy young head lay,
In stranger arms expired thy breath;
But find me here one noble heart
That envies not thy death!

Without, the boom of angry guns,
The rolling smoke, the battle cry;
War's bloody footprints in the sod,
His banners on the sky.

Within, the peace that heroes know
Who die for honor in their youth,
Who breathe away their lives in prayer
For victory of truth.

Then sweetly sleep! such heroes make
A nation's glory and her pride;
And dearer is the land for which
Thou hast so bravely died!

OUR BURIED SOLDIER

S. F. C.

Blow, snowy winter wind,
And heap his new-made grave!
Drop there a mantle light and warm;
He long hath shivered in the storm;
Now cover well the brave!

Blow, searching northern blast,
And sweep the heavens clear!
War's lurid vapors, hot and red,
Have rolled in thunder o'er his head;
Let azure skies be here!

Make soft his pillow, Earth!
In vain, through lone unrest,
He prayed to touch his mother's brow;
Be thou a mother to him now,
And fold him to thy breast!

The clear, crisp airs of March
Hang silent o'er the dead;
Let beat of drum and trumpets' ring
Their fierce accord no longer bring
To rouse him from his bed!

We leave him here to sleep
  Through wind and rain and snow;
His heart in endless peace is still;
Would God that we might calm at will
  This agony we know!

The snow shall melt in flowers,
  The air shall pulse with song,
And birdlings come with timid feet
To hop among the grasses sweet
  And chirp there all day long.

Oh thus may soothing Time
  Transform our grief and pain!
Make buds of gladness start and bloom
From out the heart of wintry gloom,
  And bring us hope again!

NIGHTFALL

THE wind has gone down with the set of the sun,
  And left a lone cloud hanging dusky and still
Athwart the pale blue, where the tremulous stars
  Are waiting to shine over meadow and hill.

They come flocking out on the soft dewy air,
  Till throb the wide heavens with their pulses of light;
The cloud stirs its folds and is trailing away,
  Through fringes revealing the glitter of night.

Against the clear sky the old oak rises grim,
  With black branches crossing the rose-tinted west;
While high toward the wood wings the late-roaming
    bird,
  And drops to his home in some verdurous nest.

Be still, O my soul, in thy bitter despair,
  Nor yearn through thy depths for the love that is
    not!
Peace falls with the dew, but it falleth in vain;
  No balm can it bring to thy desolate lot!

Full sadly I know that such twilights must come
  When youth and her love-dreams in silence are fled,
To find the old longing still burning unquenched,
  And still the soul-hunger forever unfed.

THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË

I

THE airy spring now melts in purple mists
Along the hills that girt still Haworth round;
And from the vale beneath comes up the sound
Of distant beck, with soothing, mellow tone;
While, pausing in his song, the linnet lists
Its drowsy music, sweeter than his own.
The sun lies warm upon the lonely moors;
And, springing from the heath, the skylark pours
His joyous notes, that thrill the heavens through,
Singing and drowning in the dreamy blue.
And while around his path the daylight dies,
May's slender moon, half-lost in rosy skies,
Hastens its coming over fields of dew:
Thus, in my dreams, her home serenely lies.

II

The hills of Haworth I may never see;
And should I wander there, in coming years,
My loving heart would seek, with fruitless tears,
For her whose life hath sanctified the place,
And made its moorland holy ground to me.
In vain I long to gaze upon her face,

To clasp her hand in mine, and tell the fame
That we have learned to couple with her name.
She sleeps in peace; but many an age shall hear
The story of her genius, and revere
The soul of might, born ever to aspire,
Yet ever curbed at duty's stern desire;
The pulsing heart, whose eager hope and fear
Have left their throbbings writ in words of fire.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

All through the night,
Dear Father, when our trembling eyes explore
In vain Thy heavens, bereft of warmth and light,
When birds are mute, and roses glow no more,
And this fair world sinks rayless from our sight,
Oh, Father, keep us then!

All through the night,
When no lips smile, nor dear eyes answer ours,
Nor well-known voices through the shadows come;
When love and friends seem dreams of vanished hours,
And darkness holds us pitiless and dumb,
Oh, Father, keep us then!

All through the night,
When lone despairs beset our happy hearts,
And drear forebodings will not let us sleep;
When every smothered sorrow freshly starts,
And pleads for pity till we fain would weep,
Oh, Father, keep us then!

All through the night,
When slumbers deep our weary senses fold,
Protect us in the hollow of Thy hand!
And when the morn, with glances bright and bold,
Thrills the glad heavens and wakes the smiling land,
Oh, Father, keep us then!

OVER THE WAY

It is Nannie who sits by the drawing-room casement,
For a fine little lady is she;
And she sees not the cook's happy child in the basement,
As she smiles from her window to me.

Well-a-day, lady mine, with the bows at your shoulder,
And the silken snood tied in your hair,
Have you felt all the woes of the hearts that are older,
That you pout ruby lips in despair?

I query if two sparkling eyes could look sadder,
Gazing wistfully over the trees;
Did I know where to find me a fairy's tall ladder,
I would fetch the new moon that she sees.

For plainly she sighs for the lights in the heaven,
Growing weary of trinkets and toys;
It is early to learn, pretty maiden of seven,
That the world has no permanent joys!

Soon she drops the slow curtain, unheeding my glances;
But still, at the window below,
A child sits alone, spinning merriest fancies,
With her fresh little face all aglow.

She tosses her curls in a wildering pleasure,
As she carols some rollicking strain;
Though I hear not a word, I can guess the brave measure
From the tap of her hand on the pane.

Now she beats a last trill, dancing off like a feather,
And I smile a Good night, as she flies;
Blessed dreams, happy heart, and the finest of weather
At morn, in your radiant skies!

Your sleep shall be sweet, and your days shall be sunny,
Wherever your life may be spent;
For you hold what is better than jewels or money,
The treasure of priceless content!

SONNET

HIST, howling winds, and leave me to my dreams!
Ye snowflakes, dropping through the sunless hours,
Full deep enough are buried summer flowers
To stay in cloudy heights your crystal streams!
Yet dreams, — what are they? Cheats and triflers all,
That flee to leave our fates more grim and bare;
Better at once to break their witching thrall,
And face out life with dull, defiant stare.
Then drift, deep snows, across the greensward there!
Smooth from my sight the footprints that recall
The friend whose coming filled the air with song!
No more my soul shall court a hopeless past;
Dear God of pity, hast Thou floods so strong
To drown remembrance, pour them full and fast!

FALLING LEAVES

All night, through the windy darkness
  And gusts of the chilly rain,
The shivering leaves come tapping
  So light at my window-pane.

All day, through the clear, cool sunlight,
  Where yellowing elms turn brown,
In many a golden shower
  Their wavering flakes sail down.

From hills where the sun-steeped woodlands
  Are strained by the lashing gale
They pour over frozen meadows,
  Like radiant storms of hail.

In ruts of the sodden highways
  At lull of the winds they fall;
They lodge in the barberry bushes,
  They drift by the pasture-wall.

Down paths of deserted graveyards
  They eddy and spin and glide;
On coves of the land-locked waters
  Their anchorless shallops ride.

Alone on the shaven upland
I climb till the world is wide,
And mark how the wailing forests
Resound like a surging tide.

Poor trees, we may grieve together
That Summer, the queen, is dead!
No years can repeat the splendor
She poured on a fair young head.

No suns, in the pomp of morning,
Will kindle the skies like these;
No moons, with so soft a glory,
Shall traverse the pulsing seas.

Then mourn for the fallen treasures
That June will restore to you!
I sigh, in my bosom crushing
Sweet dreams that no Springs renew.

IN RUINS

All through the summer's rosy light
I built my castle fine;
And not a soul should dwell therein
Save only mine and thine,
My Love,
In loneliness divine!

No cost of make, nor wealth of hue
I spared from base to dome;
Where lordly monarchs choose to bide
They rear a kingly home;
And so
This rose like silver foam.

Stand here upon the sunlit plain,
And see how fair it shines!
Untaught, I reared its airy towers
And shaped its perfect lines;
For love
All excellence divines.

But, while I gaze, a dusky film
Across its splendor falls;
My purples and my gold are dim; —

What ails the reeling walls?
What doom
Sends terror through its halls?

The keen air sweeps adown the hill:
Give me a hand to hold!
I shiver in these breezes chill
That grows so fierce and bold;
Yet hearts
May laugh at winter's cold.

That hand of thine, so fair and strong,
I thought could clasp me warm;
It melts within my burning grasp
Like touch of ghostly form;
I hear
No heart-beat through the storm.

Great winds from out the heavens leap;
No castle-dome appears;
Rain dashes on mine upturned face,
To quench the hope of years:
Pour, floods!
Yet faster flow my tears.

TO MY BIRD IN THE SOUTH

Come back to me, Robin! the days are so long,
The nights are so silent and drear!
There is never a note like your rapturous song
In all the wide heavens to hear!

Oh the rare, sunny mornings, the warm, dewy eves,
The perfume from gardens of bloom!
And high from his bower of tremulous leaves
My bird's last Good night through the gloom!

Now blows the dry snow from the drift's wavy peak,
And fields glitter cold to the moon;
In gusts of the night-wind the icy boughs creak
And moan out a dolorous tune.

But when the red clovers stand thick in the grass,
And rose-buds are bursting again,
When musical flocks over meadow-lands pass,
Oh where will my robin be then?

Pouring wildly at casements, where strangers look through,
The notes that once ravished mine ear,
And eagerly wooing, as all robins do,
New lovers for every new year.

So sing, pretty warbler, and praise whom you may!
  Only haste with the spring to my tree,
And trill me a measure! for long is the day
  Since Robin came singing to me.

These skies must grow warm ere your greeting be heard,
  These winds flutter soft to your breast;
But a heart throbs for you in the north, little bird,
  While tempests are rocking your nest!

MY JOSIE

My Josie is a sonsy lass,
  Dressed so fine, so trim, so bonny;
The lads all turn to see her pass,
  But she'll not smile to ony.

How light she lifts her dainty feet,
  Shaped so fair, and shod so neatly!
No lady in the Upper Street
  Can tread a jig so featly.

Her little hands are silky-fine,
  Soft to hold, and free from soiling;
They seem a bairn's beside of mine
  That are but fit for toiling.

Before my door, where shines the sun,
  There I sit and mind my spinning;
At fall of dew my work is done,
  At daybreak just beginning.

Yet none can say my house within
  Fares the worse for other labors;
No table-top or gleaming tin
  But shames my chatting neighbors.

The floor is kept, for Josie's feet,
  Clean and fresh as fields of clover;
A door-sill cannot be too neat
  Where floats her skirt-hem over.

All hearts, they say, grow daft with years,
  Most of all a foolish mother's;
Yet I must think my lass appears
  As winsome unto others.

She looked within her cradle mean
  Proudly born to silks and laces;
I watched my bairn and dreamed a queen
  And she had shifted places.

What though she sails the street at noon,
  Idle while the bees are humming;
Her days of toil will haste full soon;
  No need to speed their coming!

These honest hands are both my own;
  They shall keep my lassie's tender.
When called to leave her here alone
  Kind Heaven will sure befriend her!

A poor old body such as I
  Needs to save with care unsparing;
Yet still at fairs my earnings buy
  Brave trinkets for her wearing; —

Gay ribbons for her pretty throat,
  Silken sashes, muslin posies,
And all the things my eyes can note
  On shapes as fine as Josie's.

And thus I toil that she may shirk,
  Lightsome songs her days beguiling;
'Tis easy for old hands to work,
  When young lips do the smiling.

Then faster whirl, O tardy wheel!
  Stay, O sun, your steep declining!
This slender yarn must fill the reel
  Before you cease your shining!

THE MID-DAY MOON

O SHADOWY moon, with your great hollow eyes
  Wide-staring at noonday down over the plain,
What grief can you know in your vacant, blue skies
  To wear such a semblance of pain?

Are you sad at beholding our swervings from truth,
  Fond loves unrequited, and hearts growing cold?
Or, sadder than all, the brave dreams of our youth
  Still haunting us when we are old?

Alone must you traverse the desolate skies;
  But happy the lot where you strive not in vain
To reach the warm grasp of a hand that still lies
  Too near, yet too distant to gain!

Far aloof, on the sun's glowing pathway, you seem
  Stealing ghostly and wan, like a phantom of light;
The while, under waves of mid-ocean, we deem
  You freshen the glories of night.

Ah, rather, when gloom wraps the verdurous ground,
  Enshrouding dim gardens, and bloom-laden trees,
Over low eastern woods swing up lustrous and round,
  Flooding hillside and glimmering seas!

Sail high over alleys where young lovers walk,
  And brighten the earth to their rapturous view!
Then silver the boughs where the little birds talk
  Under leaves, snug and warm from the dew!

The noon's golden splendor no shadow allows;
  You have your light sorrows, and I may have mine;
But turn to the world only radiant brows
  And eyes that with merriment shine!

EARLY AUTUMN

A YELLOW elm-leaf flutters on my gown
  From boughs that swing above me full and green.
  Long by the tangled hedges have I seen
The asters, purple-pale; and starry crown
Of clematis o'er alders weighing down;
  With spikes of golden-rod astir between.
  Bright-winged, the butterflies still haunt the scene,
And bees in honeyed bells their murmurs drown;
Through hazy heavens the fervid suns delay;
And who could dream midsummer glories lost,
When autumn's breath such blossoming allows?
O faded leaf, first herald of decay,
You wake me, prophesying gloom and frost,
And sharp airs whistling through the naked boughs!

Too soon ye vanish, wondrous summer days!
  Scarce have your roses dropped, your songsters flown;
  And still o'er rain-fed grasses, freshly grown,
An airy net of shadow lifts and plays.
Unsated with your joys, my fancy strays
  To sunny plots, where hollyhocks full-blown
  Uprear gay minarets by alleys lone,
And kingly sunflowers spread their golden rays:

Dark pansies, velvet-lipped, show myriad eyes;
And high on rocking stems bright tulips sway,
And poppies toss, aflame with fringes fine.
Fain would I see, ere this glad season flies,
That dear old garden, many miles away,
And eyes that make a summer where they shine!

LATE AUTUMN

How slowly, through dallying hours,
  Is nature maturing her blight!
'Twere better to find the glad summer
  Transformed in the space of a night:

On verdure and odorous blossoms
  To shut drowsy eyes till the dawn,
And wake to the crystalline splendor
  And hush of a midwinter morn;

To find the birds flown from the heavens,
  The forests all shorn at a blow;
Ice chilling the hearts of the roses,
  And butterflies smothered in snow!

Ah, rather than bear the slow torture
  Of watching brave visions depart,
I sigh for a frost that shall curdle
  The tides of a passionate heart!

HER HOME

Low she lies, where not a murmur
  Stirs the dreaming air with sound;
Save when heavy pine-boughs trailing
Make a soft, continuous wailing,
  As they sweep the ground.

Scanty gleams and drops of sunshine
  Through the shadows float and play,
Where in peacefulness she slumbers,
Counting not the weary numbers
  That make up the day.

Ghostly whispers from the pine-trees
  In the moonlight still; — on high,
All the night, the lone stars keeping
Solemn watch while she is sleeping
  'Neath the midnight sky.

On a golden day in autumn
  Sought I first her place of rest;
Round me gentle winds were stealing,
Tender as the pensive feeling
  Stirring in my breast.

Loving hands were there before me
  Twining garlands o'er the tomb,
Amaranth and myrtle braided;
But they now hang loose and faded;
  Spring has fresher bloom.

Where the little maids are trooping
  After May-buds in the wood
Let me pluck with them the flowers,
Dewy-fresh and wet with showers,
  From the solitude.

Whilst they tie them into clusters,
  Sprinkling lightsome laugh between,
I am wearing sombre fancies,
Like unseen, dark-throated pansies,
  With my sunny green.

To a wreath for her I bind them,
  Sitting in the shade apart;
While my heart among them lingers
Slowly move my trembling fingers,
  Timing with my heart.

Softly, in the mellow twilight,
  We will hang it o'er her head;
Flowers fresh we'll strew above her,
Wet with tears of those who love her,
  Sorrowing for the dead.

MISTRESS MARY

Now you think you know me, do you?
  Pretty charmer, looking wise!
Well, it may be; but I warn you
  Trust not those deluded eyes!
We shall see their merry sparkle
  Fading into blank surprise.

When with smothered sighs I languish,
  Chill as icebergs, pale as snow,
Then you say, Some bitter anguish
  Finds in this its overflow!
Never will you guess the rapture
  Brooding in my heart below!

When unending song and laughter
  Make the hours swiftly glide,
You will smile to think thereafter
  Such delights with me abide;
Ah! dear child, may nothing teach you,
  What despairs the heart can hide!

Now you think you read me, do you?
  All by opposites made clear;
Have a care! for since I knew you
  I have fits when I'm sincere;
As when now I beg you, darling,
  Sit up closer!—there's a dear!

VANITY FAIR

AT A SUFFRAGE-BAZAAR, IN THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON

Clustered banners round the walls
  Lift their flaming folds on high,
Where, beneath, in silken halls,
  Little maids in ambush lie.

Gay pagodas filled with flowers,
  Pennons floating overhead;—
Art and nature deck the bowers
  Where their shining nets are spread.

Grand Beethoven's dreams are o'er,
  While the merry throng is nigh:
Proud Apollo hears no more
  Arrows hurtling through the sky;

For, encamped beneath their feet,
  Gypsy girls in pretty booths
Sit and fleece, with chatter sweet,
  Troops of glad, bewildered youths.

Crimps and curls and ribbons fine,
  Jaunty cap and gay cockades,
Marshalled thus in gleaming line,
  Smile these captivating maids.

Trust them not, they're full of guile!
  In their bright, enticing eyes
Mischief lurks, and every smile
  Is a danger in disguise.

Sirens are they; while you hear
  All their winning voices tell,
Dimes and dollars disappear:
  Even hearts obey their spell.

Would you fatal wreck escape,
  Shun such dazzling coasts as these!
Sight the stars and clear the cape,
  Cruising to the open seas!

There, beneath the polar star,
  Praying to the Powers divine,
Glance not back, to see afar,
  Through the mist, their splendors shine!

Ah! wise heart, advice is vain!
  Youth and Love will have their way;
Since they win what Truth would gain,
  Leave them to their pretty play!

RENUNCIATION

Singing, I wove my garland well,
  Nor brushed the dew from leaf or spray;
But, while I wove, the petals fell,
  And shattered all their beauty lay.

These fade, I said, they have no root!
  And straightway planted me a bower;
I watched its lusty branches shoot
  And twine and tangle, hour by hour.

"Now here, at length, is my content;
  These buds shall blossom evermore;"
And bending low my head, I went
  To enter through the breezy door:

But coiled upon a mossy bed,
  There, in the bower of my desire,
A serpent reared his angry head,
  With hissing tongue and eyes of fire.

From nature driven, I sought a room
  With rosy splendors warmly lined;
Its flood of light dispelled the gloom,
  And music drowned the plaintive wind.

"Now here I drink to Love and Fame!"
And gayly swung my beaker high;
But *Sorrow!* and *An empty name!*
Came echoed sadly in reply.

Have done, mistaken soul! I cried,
Nor plead, when fortune says thee nay!
Go! welcome whatsoe'er betide,
And where fate threatens, lead the way!

Then out upon a desert bleak,
With trackless sands and wind-swept skies,
I wandered, desolate and weak,
Renouncing Hope's enticing lies.

But when the sunset flushed across
Long, level wastes of sullen lands,
An angel bent, to soothe my loss,
And clasped my palms in loving hands.

We dwell together, since she came —
We two, upon that lonely shore;
And I have learned to bless her name —
A name so terrible of yore.

Yet sometimes, when the soft winds blow,
I weary of her saintly eyes,
And crave the past, and dread to grow,
From all her teachings, old and wise!

TO A VENERABLE TEACHER

I

THE victor's brows, in haughty triumph, wear
Full, rustling bays, which mortal fingers twine
For valor's quick reward: but fairer shine
The laurels growing in that upper air
Where none may wander free, and none may tear
One leaf for guerdon till the gods design.
Not every soul shall hear their call divine:
They beckon whom they will to enter there,
Through death's dread portal, from the life below.
And he alone is crowned with joy at last
Who lived for others, seeking no renown.
Long may thy laurels ripen, ere thou go,
Wise teacher of the generations past,
To pluck from them thine own appointed crown!

II

And when at length, in that far altitude
Earth's echoes reach thee from remembered days,
In one full chorus shall ascend the praise
Of glad hearts, conscious that whate'er of good
And brave endeavor blessed their eager youth,
Whate'er of steady vision cleared their gaze,

Came from thy guidance, when, through doubtful
ways,
Thy voice was wisdom, and thy counsel truth.
And sweet as words all broken on the gale
From lips of friends, in final parting sent,
While we sail out forever from their shore;
So sweet, to thee, in that embowered vale
Where thou shalt dwell, in endless, calm content,
Will float these echoes from the friends of yore!

ON LEAVING THE VILLA BELVIDERE AT CASTELLAMARE, ITALY, AFTER A LONG STAY

You ask the charm of Castellamare;
  Yet seek where fairer mountains rise!
Where, under heavens deep and starry,
  So fierce a splendor shames the skies,
As that which pales both moon and star,
When red Vesuvius flames afar!

Go seek where bluer violets grow,
  Clustered beneath the tufted pines!
Where richer sunsets melt and glow
  Along the snow-clad Apennines!
Or where the clouds so lightly sweep
Their misty fringes o'er the steep!

What roads so fair can lead us down
  To sister-cities famed of yore, —
To near Pompeii's silent town,
  Or bright Sorrento's sunny shore?
What pathways bathed in softer lights
Can lure our feet to braver heights?

Shelved under Quisisána's palace,
  Set proudly on its mountain-wall,
Above the bay-encircling valleys,
  With dark Vesuvius crowning all,
There, shining on its upland crest,
Our villa fronts the glowing west.

The ghost that walks its moonlit terrace
  Must pause to view the sleeping scene, —
The ruined tower, beloved of fairies,
  The anchored ships, the vineyards green;
Then stoop to hail, in whispers slow,
The Stabian ghosts that wait below.

No charms can hold us, Belvidere,
  Forever in thy happy home!
I leave thy converse, bright and merry
  To view the grander scenes of Rome:
Yet, leaving thee, I leave behind
Sweet leisure and a quiet mind!

March, 1884.

AN ANSWER

TO R. E. B.

Thou leanest on a broken reed,
O heart, that askest aid of mine!
The soul that faints from utter need
Can have no strength to succor thine!

Is fate to thee so strangely kind,
So rich in sympathies sincere,
That thus thou flingest to the wind
The loyal souls that held thee dear?

Well, be it so, since thou hast willed!
And time, lone time that is to be
And dreary distance, — these shall build
A wall of stone twixt thee and me!

And, late or soon, atoning years
Shall brim thy life with love divine!
And I, — no matter; some few tears
Are good for hearts as hard as mine.

But when my days seem nearly through,
And all their struggles far and faint,
And culled from out my treasures few
I take thy dear, melodious plaint;

Friends, knowing naught, will look surprise,
  And I, perchance, shall marvel more,
At hot tears raining from my eyes,
  As when I read it first, of yore.

For then, as now, forever true
  To words once heard with bated breath,
In fancy shall my heart renew
  A friendship plighted unto death!

REMEMBRANCE

I KNOW a dear place where my heart longs to be,
When summer returns, with her halcyon weather;
I know a dear face it were rapture to see;
And both I should find in the northland together.

Winds blow from the east, and they blow from the west,
But none of them brings me a favoring breeze:
So I turn my light barque from the land that is best,
And sail far away on the limitless seas.

Full stately and fair are the ships that I greet,
And kind the bluff voices that answer me well;
But I walk, in my dreams, where the meadows are sweet,
And listen to hear what no mariners tell.

O place, never change while I wander and stay!
O face, never lose the dear look that I prize!
Let me find, when I come, on some happier day,
The same blooming meadows and welcoming eyes!

THE BIRDS AND I

I STROLLED within the greenwood
  To sigh my grief away;
But all the birds upon the trees
  Kept up a roundelay;
How could I choose but listen then
  To hear what they should say?

Their bosoms throbbed for gladness;
  And ere their songs were through
The sprays were rocking to their feet,
  As if a storm-gust blew;
And when they shook their music out,
  Down rained the drops of dew.

An apple-tree in blossom
  Blushed through an open glade;
A bobolink was tilting there;
  And such a noise he made
The little woodbirds held their peace,
  Half crazed and half afraid.

Then pealed a blackbird's carol,
  As on a bush he swung;
His bliss he told, his notes outrolled,

Till all the meadows rung;
And still he moved his trembling wings,
Half-flying as he sung.

So bold a little sparrow
Came tripping to my side!
So quick he wiped his tiny bill,
And oped his eyes so wide!
Then stayed to chirp the sweetest note
That ever sparrow tried!

Aloft the busy swallows
Sailed singing from the west;
A robin tweeted to himself,
The while he built his nest;
And e'en the crows that cawed afar
Made music with the rest.

My heart it seemed so wicked
To sigh on such a day!
But still it ached and pained me sore,
Though all the earth was gay;
Oh then I wished I were a bird,
To sing my grief away!

743869

WITHOUT AND WITHIN

I WALKED ankle-deep in the new-fallen snow,
  And stood in amaze on the wold,
To hear how a bird from a desolate bough
  Was singing, in spite of the cold:
Little thought of the wind or the weather had he,
For it seemed that his bosom was bursting with glee.

No midsummer carol was ever so sweet,
  With swells and with jubilant closes;
I thought, while he sung, there was grass at my feet
  And the hedges were crimson with roses;
When I had but to turn from my wonder to see
White gusts of the tempest sweep over the lea.

The faster the wind whirled the eddying snow
  The louder he sang through the storm;
No touch of the shivering blast did he know,
  For his rapture was keeping him warm.
O brave little bird on the desolate tree,
Did you know that my heart sang a pæan with thee?

A LESSON FROM THE STARS

ANNIE, walking in the meadow,
Asked me, in her childish way,
What the silver stars were doing,
All the live-long day.

Thoughtfully I made her answer —
Little Annie, maiden mine,
Starlights know no rest from duty;
Day and night they shine!

'Tis not theirs to mark the sunlight,
Sweeping gayly through the skies;
Steadily, in depths of azure,
Burn their restless eyes!

Come and learn a lesson, Annie; —
Still to keep your course the same
In the path that God hath given,
Heeding praise nor blame!

Conscious that One Eye is watching,
Seek from man no swift reward!
Satisfied with acting nobly,
Leave the rest to God!

IN THE GRAVE

THE merry month of spring has come,
  Art thou not glad, my Love?
Dost feel the timid wind-flower quiver?
Dost hear the plashing of the river?
  Dost know May reigns above?

The skies are full of singing birds;
  I come to seek thee, Love!
The grasses stir at my soft tread;
Thou'lt feel them thrilling overhead,
  And know I wait above.

Then hasten forth! thine eyes are blue
  And clearer than the day;
The grave suits not a queenly maiden,
With cheek aglow and heart love-laden;
  Come out and greet the May!

Leave hoary hairs to mix with dust!
  Join thou our world above!
Spring flowers bloom fast in sunny weather;
We'll have a merry time together;
  Why tarry there, my Love?

A WOMAN'S LOVE

All day I dream — If my Beloved come,
These burning eyes their sweet despair must tell,
And flash their meaning, though my lips be dumb,
I love my Love so well!

All night I wish the happy morn were near,
That I might ease this heart's tumultuous swell,
And own the secret that he longs to hear;
I love my Love so well!

By night, by day, whether I wake or dream,
This one fond thought maintains its tyrant spell;
All sights and sounds but empty shadows seem;
I love my Love so well!

Brave in the light, at length he passes by,
Smiling to greet me; but my looks rebel;
In vain I chide my glances; they deny
I love my Love so well.

Where joy sat beaming, angry flashes rise,
And hate looks out, where tender yearnings dwell;
Sharp scorn leaps boldly into cruel eyes
That love their Love so well.

Perchance his soul shall gladden when he hears,
In after-time, some flippant charmer tell
Her shallow passion; while, unguessed for years,
I love my Love so well.

O coward heart, once treacherous and weak,
Be strong and proud to bear thy later fate!
When *his* heart fails thee, see thou dost not speak
Thy lone despair too late!

CHLORIS

You will not smile; though all the while,
With many a playful art and wile,
I seek your glances to beguile.
An air-blown kiss my fingers throw
Straight to your window; bending low
You watch your needle come and go.

I lift a rose, so silky-cold,
With petals curving, fold on fold,
To hide its heart of threaded gold,
And touch your cheek; you will not turn,
But all my fond allurements spurn:
Though deeper still your blushes burn.

Then, when no answering look I gain,
Unsolaced for my bosom's pain,
I trill a parting love-refrain,
And cease to wing such shafts as these;
Since, sitting in your bower of ease,
You flout my every wish to please.

The years will pass; and you will say,
Hereafter, on some empty day,
When youth's bright charms have flown away,—

Oh could those hours return once more,
When Colin, idling at my door,
Seemed love's sweet favors to implore!

I shall not pluck the roses then;
But sitting in the haunts of men,
With secrets hid beyond their ken,
And hope's vain longings colder grown,
My curling lips shall lightly own
That man lives happiest alone.

They will not see, you will not know
How, later, when the heavens glow
With stars, abroad I saunter slow;
And voicing then my lone despair,
Unheard, upon the evening air,
I breathe for you my fondest prayer!

SONNET

DEAREST, when through the paths of life I move,
And note the ways of men, and hear expressed
The aims that tower their little lives above,
Life seems to me so weakly false at best
I'd gladly throw it by, could I but prove
My soul to pass into a dreamless rest.
But when thou homeward bring'st thy deep, strong love,
Like royal gift, to make my being blest,
And show'st how pure a nature, like a dove,
Doth deeply dwell within thy troubled breast,
Then know I, men are nobler than they seem;
That tender hearts lie underneath the strife,
And only need the touch of love's warm beam
To stir their pulses into joyous life.

IDLE NAN

HEIGH-HO! Summer days are so pleasant and long!
But no one is idle like me;
Where I lie in the grass I can see a whole throng
Of ants toiling under the tree;
And swift through the sky the fleet birds hurry by,
And the clouds sail out over the sea.

With wings all awhirr, at the tall hollyhocks
Bright humming-birds dart to and fro;
In her plain suit of black, over trim garden-walks,
The cricket makes off, down below;
For little she heeds that in full mourning weeds
She should never a-visiting go.

The butterfly shows me her gay satin cloak
Every day, when the weather is fair;
With spots and deep bordering trimmed to the yoke,
As fine as a princess could wear;
But for all she is dressed in her holiday-best,
She finds not a minute to spare.

She may lift her light wings for a second or more,
When a thistle is spread in her way,
To daintily step o'er its wide, purple floor, —

But, whisk! she is up from her play,
As if she knew well that the faster she flew
The more she could do in a day.

Over there by the wall goes a big, burly bee,
Into trumpets of bloom treading down,
Till his black velvet breeches are dust to the knee,
And he reels like a tipsy young clown;
While the whole blossom shakes with the pother he makes,
As though he were storming a town.

I wish, when all other small folks are abed,
And he lingers so late in the bowers,
Some gay morning-glory would twist o'er his head,
Where he drains the last cup of the flowers,
And hold him all night, just to give him a fright,
And teach him to keep early hours.

Heigh-ho! Summer days are so terribly long!
I wonder when this will be through!
The bobolinks long ago finished their song,
And the four-o'clocks open anew.
If life be like this I shall weary of bliss,
And wish I had something to do.

CASTANETS

WHERE a fountain's pearly shiver
  Cools a garden-court, I lie;
And my soul to dreams deliver,
  Gazing off with drowsy eye.

Scarcely yet a damsel heeding,
  Dancing forth in silken robes;
O'er the checkered pavement speeding,
  Light as down from thistle-globes.

Clear above the water's plashing
  Strike her foot-falls on the ground;
To and fro her white arms, flashing,
  Fling on high a rhythmic sound.

Truce to dreams and idle napping,
  When she nears the fountain-jets!
O'er her head so wildly clapping
  Castanets, her castanets.

All her garment's shifting fringes
  Slant and shudder, swaying free;
Clinging, where her skirt impinges
  Sharp across her flying knee.

Wrapt her eye in heedful trances,
  Shaping every bend aright;
Guiding well the soft advances,
  Languishing, as lovers might.

Gliding, floating, downward sweeping,
  Poised aloft on arching toes,
Melody with motion keeping,
  O'er the marble floor she goes.

Faster beat her throbbing fingers,
  Faster spin her twinkling feet;
Held in air the vision lingers
  When her mazy whirls retreat.

Vain your lures, your wily dances!
  Spanish eyes are not for me!
Since my true-love's modest glances
  Hold a charm unknown to thee!

THE PRINCESS

He spake no word, though oft I heard
From other lips impassioned vows;
He sang no ballads in my praise;
They charmed me all the summer days;
Yet wintertide
Found each home-sheltered with a bride.

While he, dear heart, stood there apart,
And turned away adoring looks;
When dark-browed suitors swore with tears
I heard their plea with pitying ears;
But eyes of blue
Had pledged me vows more deep and true.

Lovers have flown; and all unknown
Is that far region where he stays;
Yet this assurance fills my breast,
That soon, from out the glowing west,
My Love shall turn,
With lips that speak, when glances burn.

BY RIGHT DIVINE

I SING of a king
Who never yet sat on a throne.
Who claims no proud line
For his clear right divine,
But rules by a grace of his own.

The fame of his name
Never rang through a court or a camp;
No neighboring realm
Do his arms overwhelm,
No coins bear his sovereign stamp.

But few ever drew
Such homage and worship as he;
Yet no servile crowd waits
At his wide palace-gates,
And he sees not a suppliant knee.

I sing of a king,
Though boasting no honors like these;
Though no heralds proclaim
Peace or war in his name,
And no ships bear his flag on the seas.

Such state in his gait
That scarce would you wonder to hear
Pealing guns rend the air,
And blown trumpets declare
That an emperor slowly drew near!

There lies in his eyes
So gracious and tender a light!
Whether gray, black, or blue
Means but little to you,
Since you never will read them aright.

Alone on his throne
Would a king ever hunger for love?
When it suits him, I ween,
Will he choose him a queen,
And crown her all women above.

'Tis plain his domain
Is no province, nor isle of the sea:
To tell I'm not bound
Where his kingdom is found,
And no one can know it but me!

MICKIE BROWN

WHAT roguish little maid are you,
  With fun and laughter brimming over?
Who stole your eyes from Heaven's blue,
  And gave you breath of scented clover?

You may be sprite or soulless elf;
  You surely were not meant for human;
This dimpled bit you call yourself
  Can never spoil into a woman.

You shake at me your mimic fists,
  And arch your brows in pretty scorning;
Did you learn motion of the mists
  That floated o'er the hills this morning?

Your feet are soaked with early dews,
  Your hair is filled with seeds and grasses;
The little folk should give you shoes,
  If they will drop you in morasses!

Come, let me smooth that tangled curl,
  And stroke your cheek so full and downy!
In vain you call yourself a girl;
  I know you for a little Brownie!

PRINCE JAMIE

Ah, Jamie, you are brave and true!
  And if I were a queen
No prouder little prince than you
  Should in my realms be seen:
I'd give you half my gems and gold,
And lands and titles manifold.

Six famous orders you should wear
  Across your velvet coat;
A crown, to match your shining hair,
  And laces round your throat;
With diamond buckles at your knee,
To sparkle when you bent to me.

The world should see a goodly sight
  When forth we rode in state!
For crowds would gather, left and right,
  Huzzahing at the gate;
And mounted lords should prance before,
And gallop by the carriage-door.

In robes of ermine, white as milk,
  We two would sit in pride;
While lovely ladies, all in silk,
  Were ranged on either side,

And courtiers, bowing from the room,
Swept wide the floor with hat and plume.

But oh, how glad we both should be
  To find ourselves alone!
That we might spring, so blithe and free,
  From out the stately throne,
And skip and dance, for very joy!
As here we go, — Your hand, my boy!

ALL FOR LOVE

Dreaming, I toiled to gain a dizzy steep,
And stood, at length, where gleaming battlements
Towered above, along a sky of pearl.
My faint hand reached to ope the massive door,
Exultant that my weary life was done,
My soul by penance cleansed from every taint.
Then stood before me one that I had loved,
With eyes so soft, and hair of sunny gold,
And warm arms reaching toward me; and he cried
Oh tarry, Love, a little, little while,
Ere you go in, and leave me here for aye!
In your lone heaven the years shall know no end;
And one brief hour you well might spare to me!
His dear eyes won me; for I oft had gazed
Down through their splendors, when aglow with youth.
And so I turned to stroll beneath the walls.

All day we wandered, hand in hand, and glad;
And when night came, we clung, to keep us warm,
Closer together, looking at the stars:
And morning found us smiling towards the east.

And all the while did many enter in,
Foot-sore, pale-featured, but with Triumph writ,
In flashing halos, o'er their haggard brows.

And now I nevermore approach the door,
Nor dare to bid Good-bye to my poor Love,
Nor wish a Heaven where he may never come,
Nor sigh for bliss beyond those awful gates!
O dreadful dream, to seem so sweet to me!

TO A SWALLOW, FLYING SEAWARD

Bird of the slanting wing and circling flight,
  Why seek the billows, when the brooklet plays
  In loitering eddies, under willow-sprays,
And tender shoots reach toward the blissful light?
Hast thou not heard these messengers aright
  That bring us tidings of the April days?
  Beneath damp leaves, along the woodland ways,
The violet stirs, and mayflower-buds are bright.
  But the lone bird, soaring amid the gleams
From riven clouds, had dreams of daffodils
  In lands remote, where bannered Iris rose
Amid her lances, by beleagured streams;
  To his high vision shone far grassy hills,
And pallid edelweis on Alpine snows.

THE HARVEST OF LIFE

Low sweeps the breeze o'er sodden lands,
  Where grasses shiver in the rain;
And bare and brown the stubble shows,
  Where waved the bearded grain.

The birds that trilled the songs I love
  Went flying south, one chilly morn;
The flowers that spread their bloom for me
  Died, loveless and forlorn.

Yet still I sing in full content;
  For other, blessed fields are mine;
And there, beneath unclouded moons,
  My golden harvests shine.

Through sun and rain, in lands remote,
  They ripen all the fervid years;
And now, in late autumnal dews,
  They swell their tasselled ears.

Their leaves like silken pennons float,
  When lightly skims a passing breeze;
And o'er their slopes bright billows run,
  Like waves on sunlit seas.

Full oft, beneath the hunter's moon,
I take my sickle-blade, and stroll
Through silent lanes to where their ranks
Stand crowning hill and knoll.

So brave they look, so tall they rise,
So softly there I hear them grow,
In pride I bless the rustling land,
And home, unladen, go.

But, late or soon, the word shall come
To spare my harvest-fields no more;
To give to winnowing winds the chaff,
And heap the shining store.

Then white-sleeved reapers, all arow,
Shall swing their level scythes in time;
The grain to music bend and fall:
But none shall hear their chime!

No eye shall watch them bind the sheaves,
And bear them in, when daylight pales;
No villager, on lonely roads,
Shall hear their beating flails.

Guard well my fields, propitious fate,
Lest mildew's evil taint may blast!
From hailstones shield them, that they yield
Ripe treasures at the last!

THE DEPARTING YEAR

He came; he brought us meadow-bloom and grasses,
And bird-songs carrolling the heavens through;
Now not a green blade flutters as he passes,
Nor stays one thrush to hymn a sweet adieu.

Dry, rattling stalks and clumps of frozen rushes
Are all that tremble to his parting tread;
From cottage-windows where the home-light flushes
No face looks out, no last farewell is said.

Bare are the walls where blushed his garden-roses,
And bare the tree-boughs swaying o'er the lawn;
The grape-vine lattice not a leaf discloses,
And no late watcher sighs that he is gone; —

Gone with the beauty of the summer morning,
The dreamy loveliness of vanished days,
The sky's soft glory and the earth's adorning,
June's rosy light and autumn's mellow haze!

I begged, when first he shone with lavish splendor,
A prince triumphant, come to rule his own,
That he some token of his grace would render
To me, a suppliant, on his bounty thrown!

He bent and proffered, without stint or measure,
The utmost that my daring words could crave.
With full arms closing round each hoarded treasure
My lips forgot to bless the hand that gave.

He made the evening glad, the sunrise golden,
And all existence richer that he came;
Yet scarcely finds my spirit, thus beholden,
The time to weave this chaplet to his name.

O kingly giver, old and unattended,
The world's poor gratitude is not for thee!
It leaves unsung the reign so nearly ended,
And turns to hail the king that is to be!

MEMORIES OF NORTHERN SPAIN

WHEN Fancy wills, the scenes of old
  Return, to bless my sight again;
And then in visions I behold
  The hills, the shores of Northern Spain.

In lonely valleys, cool and still,
  Beneath the Pyrenees I fare,
And feel on lifted brows the chill
  Of snow-wrapped summits high in air.

The surf rolls white on Biscay's shore;
  Green on her cliffs the forests wave;
Guernica's oak I greet once more,
  And Covadonga's sacred cave.

Asturia, home of liberty!
  Thou ne'er hast worn a tyrant's chain!
Thy Gothic sons, redeemed and free,
  First brought deliverance to Spain!

On stern Galicia's rock-bound shore
  The beacons flame against the sky;
Far out, the whitening breakers roar,
  By reefs where sea-gulls wheel and cry.

No more within Coruña's bay
War's gathered fleets at anchor ride;
Past Vigo, swooping on their prey,
No Drake and Raleigh skim the tide.

The wars are waged; the captains sleep;
The ships at Cadiz rock at ease:
Had we such contests on the deep
Would souls as valiant sweep the seas?

Inland, how sweet the sunlit air,
On slopes where blossom heath and thyme!
I turn, with staff and scallop, where
The bells of Compostella chime.

And, pilgrim still, I saunter down
Past convent-tower and Roman wall,
To greet, above the crumbling town,
Leon's Cathedral, fair and tall;

Nor heed what scenes are left behind,
Though famed in chronicle and song,
Till learning's cloistered halls I find,
Where Salamanca's students throng.

Toledo, like an aged queen,
Of love bereft, with glory crowned,
Forsaken of her court is seen,
While embassies her throne surround.

The lordly Tagus at her feet
  Rolls silent towards an alien sea;
The Roman and the Goth more meet
  To walk her ancient streets than we.

No less than Rome's imperial powers
  Did thy great aqueduct erect,
And Moorish thy Alcázar towers,
  Segovia the Circumspect!

But Gothic all, and grim and plain,
  The wall that girdles Avila!
For centuries the Hope of Spain
  Has slumbered in his tomb afar;

Slumbered, the while his sister pined
  In prisons lone, a sovereign still!
The while his nephew came to bind
  Proud freemen to a foreign will!

His native land, in that long sleep,
  Drifted to sordid wreck amain.
Well o'er his tomb might parents weep,
  And mourn for all they gave to Spain!

O'er old Castile I journey late;
  The stars look down through frosty air;
From Burgos, past her frowning gate,
  The highways lengthen, bleak and bare;

One to Las Huelgas, where the nuns
  Their vigils keep, extends its line;
And one past Miraflores runs,
  On to San Pedro's hallowed shrine.

Who treads that silent road at night
  Halts by the thicket's densest shade
To see, in armor gleaming bright,
  A horseman pass, in steel arrayed.

A sword upright he firmly holds;
  Forward and fixed his gaze; no sound,
Save from his banner's shifting folds,
  Or hoof-stroke on the flinty ground.

San Pedro, open wide your gate!
  The master comes, at home to dwell;
Far from Valencia's groves, in state.
  Proud Bavieca bears him well.

Pelayo and the Cid! shall we,
  Of freemen born, our praise withhold
From men who stood for liberty,
  And saved their land, in days of old?

The past, the present — each to each
  Linked by a never-ending chain;
Who still would faith and valor teach,
  And high resolve, must learn of Spain!

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY

THESE laden shelves, with their historic lore,
  Transport you to the empires of the dead.
Spread the wide page, and you shall hear no more
  The echoing street without, the hurried tread
And throbbing life of this our modern land:
  The rolling centuries are backward whirled;
Beneath the gateway of the past you stand,
  And glide into the morning of the world.

For you the cities of the East again
  Their busy throngs recall;
You see their reapers bending o'er the plain,
  Their masons on the wall.
And cruel armies issue from the gate
  To smite some trembling land;
Or, home-returned, with victory elate,
  They lead a dusty band
Of lowing oxen, weary prisoners bound,
  No more to wander free;
Sad-faced, while jeering thousands press around,
  Shouting anew to see,
'Mid standards thronging high, and banners torn,
The gleaming spoil of palaces upborne.

Whirled onward in the crowd's exultant tide,
Rushing with eager pride,
You mount with them the lofty palace-floor;
To pause, awe-struck, beside the presence-door,
Where tower, in stony calm, with lifted wings,
The mighty shapes of dread Assyrian kings:
Then entering, undismayed,
While war's strange trophies at his feet are laid,
And shields are clashed, and piercing trumpets blown,
You prostrate fall before great Sargon's throne.

Or, in the river-plain, amid the bloom
  Of Babylon's low gardens, you shall stray;
While evening's gathering stillness lulls each sound,
  Save that of dashing waters far away
  And mournful winds that through the willows play.
When festal lights no longer break the gloom,
  There, in the hush profound,
  From dungeons underground,
As near the palace-walls your footsteps roam,
  You start, surprised to hear,
  Unseen, and yet so near,
The sobbing captives, where, in fetters bound,
Jerusalem's sad princes dream of home.

Would you escape to happier scenes than this?
You then shall tread where proud Persepolis
  Rears in the vale her lofty pillared halls;
  Walk through her spacious courts, when lightly falls

And lifts the silken curtain in the breeze,
Revealing blooming vistas, where the trees
  Tremble at dusk with song of nightingales;
  Ere from the horizon sails
The full-orbed moon, to brighten all the sky,
Riding supreme on high.
  There, at the noontide, slumberous with the heat,
The charmed beholder sees
  In clustered ranks the roses red and sweet,
And diamond-dust from swaying fountains blown
O'er glowing turf and rim of sculptured stone.

And now a sailor, speeding home again
To Athens o'er the main,
You swiftly pass the shining Cyclades,
Set in their foamy seas;
  And standing at the prow,
When leaps the bounding skiff to every wave,
  You face the flying spray, and shade your brow,
Eager one glimpse to save
Which sends assurance to your straining sight
That still the snowy temples crown the height:
And shout for joy, when o'er the billow's crest,
  First glimmers from afar,
— Ere rocky coast-line darkens on the west, —
  The twinkling splendor, like a drowning star,
Which shows where mighty Pallas lifts on high
Her flashing spear against the azure sky.

O'er Gibbon's stately page you linger then;
And pass Rome's prouder day,
To mark, recorded by his faithful pen,
The waning strength of her imperial sway.
No victor's hour her glory shall restore;
The haughty legions can return no more,
Along her highways; but a savage horde,
Bearing to southern lands the conqueror's sword,
In vengeance issue forth
From forests of the north,
And sweep where Cæsar's armies trod of yore.
Onward they pour defiant, trampling down
The waving field, the terror-stricken town,
Till art and culture from their shrines are hurled,
And havoc wastes the Mistress of the World.

Long centuries pass: and arts, revived once more,
Teach the dark world what they had taught before,
Kindling anew on Learning's blackened shrine,
From ancient fires, the saving spark divine.
Then states and kingdoms, springing side by side,
Fan the bright flame; — a brotherhood allied,
By sweet civility and Christian laws,
To foster Learning as a sacred cause.

Such tales these volumes tell, —
How nations rose and fell,
What virtues strengthen, and what crimes destroy;
And, by such lessons taught, the thoughtful boy

Will come to see how tyranny and wrong
Can rear no firm dominion, mild and strong.
Then shall he cherish in a patriot's breast
Love for this land, the youngest and the best,
Which builds her power on blessings that endure,
On freedom, won alike for rich and poor;
Seeks peace and plenty; turns from wasting war,
Yet grasps the sword to save a righteous law.

Perchance from elder times you haste away
To see what pictures greet the eye to-day.
  Forth with the traveller you lightly pace
Through distant realms, on Fancy's flying feet,
Scaling all heights, a rover free and bold;
  The while you keep your place,
Beside the hearthstone, housed from wind and cold.

  Your eye, intent upon the printed sheet,
Shall foreign lands and hidden deeps explore;
  You gaze where billows beat,
Blue as of old, round Pæstum's templed shore;
And note, twixt crumbling pillars reared on high,
The wind-rocked flower, awave against the sky.
You climb steep pathways, dark with mountain-gloom;
Or tread the moorland, sweet with tangled bloom;
Or move with exiled bands, that sadly roam
Toward frozen steppes, despoiled of friends and home:
Or breast with wheeling birds the welcome breeze
  That sweeps the Afric coast,

Bringing cool draughts from wide Atlantic seas,
To shake a rustling host
Of drooping boughs, and tufted, verdurous plumes;
Where in a garden lone,
Terraced adown the slope,
Geranium thickets toss their scarlet blooms,
And Moorish casements ope
Fronting the wave, with every curtain blown;
And wind and morning make the spot their own.

Or, pleasure-led upon a brimming tide,
Float where the Danube rolls its flood beside
The empty halls of Presburg's ruined pile;
See bright Valencia's orange orchards smile;
And watch the sunset-glow
Fade from Granada's mountain-wall of snow:
Or scan the shadowed steep
Of glad Sorrento, if, engulfed below,
Where green the waters glide
O'er toppled wall and villa sunken deep,
Haply a slanting beam may chance to show
The home of Tasso, whelmed within the tide.

Such journeys swift, such devious flight he tries
Who looks at nature through the traveller's eyes.

Revolving suns to other lands shall bring
Decay and darkness to succeed the spring:

But neither blight nor winter's chill may come
Where art and letters have their sheltered home.
Here bloom perennial lingers in the vales;
The airs are soft, the sunlight never pales.
Whatever blasts may sweep the western hill,
In Chaucer's verse the dew-drops sparkle still,
The turf springs fresh and cool, the daisies glow,
Though planted there five hundred years ago.
From Herrick's garden fade the daffodils,
And, fading, bloom for aye; with fragrance thrills
Our wondering sense when we behold once more
The lovely rose which Saccharissa wore:
Still steps the courtier down the shaded walk
Plucking its fairest blossom from the stalk,
To add a beauty to the dainty line
That tells his lady she is all divine.
Grave Wordsworth leads us forth to lonely lakes
Whose placid depths the mountain-shadow takes;
With Keats we tread where summer splendors throng,
And Shelley's skylark floods the air with song.

Though science flout and ignorance deride,
  Imagination shall her sway retain;
Here Poesy will sit by Shakespeare's side,
  Spirit and Master, in their own domain,
And that great soul who in his wisdom knew,
As never man before, how sweetly true,
Tender, and loyal womanhood might be, —
Most truly gentle when most brave and free, —

This poet's heart, that felt the wondrous power
Of grace and beauty, wit, and smiling youth,
Yet turned from all, in manhood's later hour,
To greet plain constancy and simple truth, —
The bard supreme, to woman's heart endeared,
Preserves within these walls his sacred shrine,
By gratitude and fond allegiance reared,
A tribute rendered to his gifts divine.

And o'er the threshold, seeking here to know
The hidden import of his every phrase,
All day, with reverent footsteps, come and go
The maids and matrons, uttering still his praise;
Finding no word that courteous lips may speak,
No gallant deed but seemeth cold and weak,
Beside the glowing portraits that he drew
Of those pure souls his loving fancy knew.

And when the night has closed these swinging doors,
And home and revel call the throng away,
With silent step, across the vacant floors,
A troop of shadowy figures seem to stray;
Their floating garments brighten in the gloom,
When sails the rising moon o'er elm and birch,
Sending its beams within the darkened room,
Betwixt the towers of a Norman church, —
Built like Matilda's Abbey, far away.

What wonder that a loving fancy sees
In such an hour, such sacred haunts as these,
The gentle sisterhood of Shakespeare's line,
Stepped from their nooks to bow before his shrine!
  Faithful Cordelia, — honor dwells with her;
Portia the wise, and Rosalind's sweet grace,
Hiding love's rankling wound with laughing face;
  Gay, sparkling Beatrice, and Perdita,
And winsome Imogen, and all the race
  Of noble wives, and most unhappy queens, —
Poor Constance, wild with wrongs; and Katherine,
  Whose sturdy pride on simple justice leans;
And she who, scoffing, dared her Love to win
  Through crime a kingly crown; and then apart,
Sparing his troubled sight what conscience sent
To haunt her pillow, paced, with shuddering breath,
  Wringing her snow-white hands.
  And Anjou's Margaret, of lion-heart,
Defying fate, till, every arrow spent
  And high hope shattered, in her father's lands
She sat, a listless exile, waiting death.

The world has wept with them since Prospero
  Summoned their spirits from the vasty deep
To tell what griefs the human heart can know,
  What bitter woes in royal tombs may sleep.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

COURAGE, brave soul! the ledgy pathway yonder
O'er windy slopes, will lead to meadows sweet;
Turn not aside, nor let thy glances wander
To find a smoother turfage for thy feet!

True to thine aim, still journey on undaunted,
Led by the stars that beckon overhead!
With mind intent, thy footsteps firmly planted
Shall crush to even line the stones they tread.

The birds that circle o'er the sedgy hollows,
The coming tides that backward sweep and roll,
Each has its purpose, and in wisdom follows
The devious ways that bring it to its goal.

Theirs to renew the quest with every morning,
But thine to mount serener heights than they;
To seek the truth, all baser pleasures scorning,
Holding thy course where Honor points the way.

Nor rest thee there! the gain is won for others;
Thy firmer poise must steady those who fall;
To higher levels lift thy weaker brothers!
God gave thy powers because He needs them all.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

THE CITY OF PORTLAND, MAINE

Ye bid me wake, with touch unskilled and weak,
The mighty harp that elder bards have strung;
Ye bid my faltering voice essay to speak
A city's joy, where nobler strains have rung.
Nor festal hymn, nor gladsome lay were mine
Should once her poets to my vision rise,
Like those rapt singers that the Florentine
Beheld with reverent eyes;
And mute were I, did venturous thought recall
That laurelled name on London's minster-wall.

Yet leaps my heart to celebrate the fame
Of that dear city which we proudly boast
Oldest and largest that our State can claim
In all her leagues of bay-indented coast.
From east to west, throughout her broad domains,
Swept by their lordly rivers flowing free,
In lake-strewn forests and pine-mantled plains
No spot so fair to see:
Within her far-famed bay she sits serene,
Of all Maine's cities the acknowledged queen.

Written by invitation of the City Government of Portland; and read there, on July 6, 1886, at the Centennial Celebration of the Incorporation of the town as Portland.

Like posted sentinels in outer courts,
Her guards and watchmen stand on many a steep,
That she may dwell secure; three frowning forts
Train their long guns in menace o'er the deep,
With call imperious challenging her foes;
Scanning that ocean-path by night, by day,
The old red tower upon her hill-top knows
What rovers seek her bay;
While headland-lights, like torches o'er the foam
Of darkling waters, guide her wanderers home.

Child of the sea, her eager looks are sent
Towards distant Europe, o'er the rolling surge;
Behind her spreads a teeming continent,
Herself the mistress of its eastern verge.
Yet, linking her with far Pacific lands,
Speed the great engines, rushing to and fro
O'er the straight pathway of their iron bands;
While swift her white ships go,
Like gleaming shuttles, flying o'er the main
To English ports, or shores of France and Spain.

Her roving sailors, from their floating decks,
Descry no lands so lovely as her own:
How bright soe'er the realm, it little recks
To them what splendors gild a foreign zone.
And though her sons may rear their homesteads well
On southern plain and many a western farm,
Where love and fortune weave a potent spell,

She holds a lasting charm:
Long years may pass, and wide her children roam,
Yet on her hearth-stones burn the fires of home.

In summer's sunshine every land is fair;
But fair are her dear coasts in sun or shade.
Nor winter's sleet, nor August's sultry air
Can make her other than fond nature made:
Better her ocean-gales, her spray-swept shore,
Her fog-clouds driven o'er the shivering land,
Her wild, tempestuous breakers, and their roar,
Than alien zephyrs bland.
No storms can wreck her beauty; clearer glows
Her freshened lustre, like a rain-dashed rose.

For nature loves her well; a verdurous wood
Of waving boughs seems sheltering the town;
And Vaughan's old oaks, a mighty brotherhood,
On Bramhall stand; though pines no longer crown
Munjoy's broad slopes descending to the sea.
In swaying elms the wild bird builds her nest;
Across these ancient gardens still the bee
Goes murmuring on her quest;
And, searching for lost springs, the dragon-fly,
On wings of steely gauze, darts whirring by.

For man alone has not possessed this spot,
This strip of land between encircling seas;
The tiny races whom we value not

Have danced their summer revels down the breeze,
And lightly slept within their native earth;
And still their kindred in the sunbeams dwell.
We know no story of their nation's birth,
Of them no records tell;
But Nature's self their passing lives may scan
As parts essential to her perfect plan.

Not all the ships that in its haven ride
Can take one native charm from Casco Bay;
Dark, plumy forests swing above the tide
On island shores, where still, in careless play,
The wild duck floats, the lonely plover calls;
In wave-washed nooks, by human eye unseen,
The glistening kelp forever lifts and falls;
And silvery birches lean,
In sunny coves, above the hard, white sand,
Where glides no skiff, no rover seeks the land.

When, home-bound from the deep, a tiny shape
On dancing waves, the fisher's boat is seen
Rounding the eastern shores of that broad cape
Named at her death for England's mighty queen,
How welcome to his gaze each curving line
From Scarboro's river-Points to Barberry creek!
At Spurwink's mouth the long, white beaches shine:
Beyond, his glances seek
Richmond's lone island, on whose farthest edge
Breaks the wild surf o'er Watts' fatal ledge.

Its quiet farmhouse has no tale to tell
  Of vanished fleets and storehouses and pier;
His fancy hears no pealing chapel-bell,
  Nor sees young Parson Jordan sauntering near,
Joining the captains from their busy ships,
  And mistress Sarah in her London gown,
And passing in, to pray with fervent lips
  For good King Charles' crown;
Nor does his thought that earlier vision hold
Of slaughtered trader, and his buried gold.

Near the Two Lights, where dangerous waters glide,
  He hears Old Anthony's unceasing knell;
Through Portland Roads he hurries with the tide
  Past their white tower, and feels the rising swell
That rocks the skiffs in Simonton's broad cove;
  From Preble's rampart booms the sunset-gun
O'er Cushing's Point, where erst a village throve;
  And now the sunken sun
Crimsons the wave, where gleaming silks outblown
Once scarfed a sea with priceless wreckage strewn.

To one who sits upon the cliff afar,
  Noting the waning splendors of the light,
He moves, a floating speck, behind the bar
  Of Stanford's ledge, and soon is lost to sight.
Against the lingering radiance of the west,
  With dome and slender steeples ranged a-row,
The tree-embowered city on her crest

Burns in a golden glow;
While warmer tints, that through the waters play,
Flush the far sails and mantle all the bay.

Like lovely Venice throned above the tide,
At such an hour the glimmering city seems;
Or some rich caravan, at eve descried
Nigh to Damascus, — journeying in our dreams.
And when the misty branches sway and glance,
We see an army's glittering legions stand,
With blazing standards lifted to advance;
One signal of command,
And the great host shall move forever by,
Their floating banners sweeping down the sky!

A leafy home for whispering dryads made
Remains their haunt, though murmuring streets are near,
Where Deering's Oaks, within their solemn shade,
Preserve a hush, a spell, that kindles fear;
As if the bandits of good Robin Hood,
Or playful fairies, trooped the paths at night,
And only hid within the listening wood
When wanderers came in sight:
Yet rushing trains the sturdy branches shake,
And children's laughter all the echoes wake.

Beyond dividing waters, where a field
Slopes to the mansion on its level brow,

Sweet orchard-glades their stern traditions yield
  Of savage conflict centuries ago.
And westward still, with fonder memories blent,
  A furzy pasture tells of strange delights;
For there the circus held its tournament,
  And there, on gala nights,
The fireworks' magic dazed our childish eyes,
Shooting their splendors to the startled skies.

Our city guards, upon her eastern steep,
  The graveyard of her old, historic dead,
Where seven generations came to sleep
  Near the tall pine whose shadows long have fled:
The aged parson, shepherding his flock,
  The brave young warriors, slain in reckless pride,
Stout captains, fallen in the battle's shock,
  There slumber, side by side;
And sailors bold, that cruise the deep no more,
Past the known headlands of this winding shore.

From old Munjoy what glimpses, toward the west,
  Of mighty summits, gleaming in their snows
When plains are bare! of Blackstrap's needled crest!
  From Westbrook's fields beyond how lightly blows
The thistle-globe upon the scented breeze,
  Threading the mazes of the wind-swept town
To float and ride upon the summer seas!
  And calmly looking down,

In faithful vigil, stands the broad, red tower,
Waving its flags to hail this happy hour.

On these glad festal days is toil forgot;
  Merchants and lawyers throng the crowded way;
For wind and tide the sailor careth not;
  His little sloop, with all her pennons gay,
Waits in the stream, that he may walk in pride
  With Portland's sons; no farmer's scythe is swung;
No sportive children seek the country-side;
  But all, the old and young,
Together come, their city's name to bless;
Happier to share each other's happiness.

Within her gates no stranger's voice is mute;
  They who have shared her welcome sing her fame;
The waiting steamships blow their shrill salute;
  From anchored frigates seamen shout her name;
And where, beside the waves, the fortress lowers
  Thunder the booming cannon, keeping time;
Even the fog-bells, in their open towers
  On breezy headlands chime;
And the swift-coming engines, rushing near,
Snort like great steeds, rejoicing to be here.

The tree-tops swaying o'er the crowded street,
  The island forests, the resounding main,
Near fields, awave with grass and rustling wheat, —
  Midsummer's gentle voices, swell the strain;

The swallow from the roof-tree sends his note;
Birds in the garden-branches pipe and sing;
The sea-gull, screaming as he rocks afloat
Or soars on circling wing, —
All these of her dominion proudly raise
In one full chorus their exultant praise.

Dreaming she sits, this mother of us all,
This city that has blessed us from our birth;
About her brows a fresh, green coronal,
Twined by her children in their hour of mirth;
Seaward she looks, yet with a tender glance;
Her mantle backward blown along the hill,
Her head down-dropped, as in a thoughtful trance,
Her fair hands clasped and still;
Scarce noting how the fitful breezes sweet
And the glad billows run to kiss her feet.

Across the bay she sees the ships come in,
Bringing her exiles to their homes once more;
Beneath her cliff resounds the passing din
Of trains that speed their thousands to her shore;
Each wanderer to her loving heart is dear;
No child that she hath known hath she forgot:
Their joyous greetings on her hundredth year
She hears, but answers not;
For memory, running back beyond our ken,
Recalls the storied past to live again.

She seems the brooding spirit of the place,
  Before whose gaze, in solemn vision, sweep
Long centuries, since first a dusky race
  Came here to dwell on Machigonne's lone steep:
Again she listens to their savage speech,
  Hears the swift arrow whistling through the glade,
The light canoe drawn on the sandy beach;
  And, 'mid the forests' shade,
Sees the great sagamores, with darkling frowns,
In haughty council rear their feathered crowns.

Hither, attended by her royal train,
  Comes Cogawesco's noble-hearted queen,
With welcome guiding through her own domain
  A stranger ship to yonder island green.
There the first colonists, of Saxon race,
  Fell the dense wood and build a goodly house;
Anon a statelier vessel seeks the place;
  While, under drooping boughs,
An Oxford scholar builds his Latin lay, —
The earliest bard to sing of Casco Bay.

The ships depart; their men are seen no more:
  Ten years, and English trading-ships alone
Come fishing to her bay, from Richmond's shore;
  Then the first settler, proud to call his own
The jutting mainland, with its circling strand,
  Builds a log cabin by her running brook.
For thirty years he portions out the land

To West-of-England folk,
Brave Devon squires, whose fathers, from the main,
With Drake and Raleigh, swept the fleets of Spain.

In final rest, beneath a lofty pine
Spared by his axe, the pioneer has lain
But ten brief years, when forth, a flying line,
From raided farms, her settlers seek the main.
Returning, drawn, at last, by love and hope,
They build anew, with fort and palisade;
Then a day's battle on an orchard-slope,
A long-besieged stockade,
With desperate, vain defence, and wild uproar,
And Indian warriors hold the land once more.

Through flame and death her far-led captives go,
While empty streets and bleaching bones remain:
Long decades pass; the wasted homesteads know
Their sons once more, their hamlet thrives again.
Soon a young parson comes the flock to lead;
And savage foes are bound by solemn peace;
Westward, to sister-towns, the postmen speed;
While, over cool, bright seas,
Their steady course the mighty mast-ships keep,
And venturous traders skim a foreign deep.

But if, above the waves' tumultuous roar
In Biscay's bay, where the long breaker swells,
Her hardy sailors hear, when off Bilboa,

The faint, far ringing of Spain's convent-bells,
And note, across dark olives on the height,
Where the lone belfry cuts the glowing skies,
The monk, slow passing in his robe of white,
What longings then arise
To see that log-built meeting-house once more,
Amid the pine-trees of a northern shore!

Sixty glad years, and Falmouth mourns again;
Her old protector has become her foe;
All day she shrinks before the scorching rain
Of shot and shell; all night the heavens glow
With blazing ships and mansions wrapped in fire.
From threatening fleets, and battle's dread alarms,
To safer fields her stricken sons retire:
At length, from Gorham farms
And distant camps, her wanderers homeward flee,
Hailing the Peace that makes a nation free.

Soon free, herself, a prouder name to know
Than Falmouth Neck, with years of strength begun,
Fair Portland greets, a century ago,
Christening and independence-day in one.
An ocean-mart, she comes to rule the wave,
To stand its foremost city, wise and great,
When Gorges' province, with the name he gave,
Steps forth, a sovereign State.
And still her Devon blood would tempt the breeze
And drive her foemen from insulting seas.

What swift advance a hundred years have wrought,
Despite embargo, war, and raging flame!
Great industries her changing needs have brought
To feed her commerce; where the postman came,
Fly train and steamboat to her bridge-bound shore:
For two good parsons that in sorrow spake,
Thirty she hears; for one gazette, a score;
She quaffs Sebago lake,
For Marjory's spring; and for the candle's ray,
Electric lights pour radiance clear as day.

Although her last dread foe, the ruthless flame,
Has razed her ancient homes, an honored few
Preserve some treasures that the past would claim;
There rest the mugs the *Peter Waldo* knew,
From which old seadogs have been wont to drain,
In deep carouse, their healths of Admiral rum;
Pale Canton silks, that tell in rent and stain
How the *Grank Turk* came home;
There Mowatt's fiery shot, embedded deep,
Have had a century for cooling sleep.

Such the long memories that her heart has kept;—
Loss and disaster, but triumphant gain;
Four times the tomahawk or the flame has swept
Her narrow slopes: yet unto her remain
A people crowding to the billowy strand
And o'er the fields: a brave and courtly race;
With merchant-princes fitted to command

Her fates in war and peace.
Nor wealth alone, nor strength; a mightier power
She gives her children, — learning's priceless dower.

Favored are we to greet thy festal year,
O blesséd town, which many ne'er behold,
And none but once; for all who gather here
Must find their vigor spent, their brief lives told,
Ere thou, still wearing thine immortal grace,
And throned, as now, beneath resplendent skies,
Shalt see another century end its race,
Another dawn arise
When mighty throngs shall tread thine ancient ways,
And grateful thousands chant their votive lays.

And thou wilt sit again among thy dead,
Happy as now, and grown to prouder state;
Roses as fresh shall wreathe thy stately head,
And worthier verse thy glories celebrate.
But fairer than the splendors round thee then,
More clear than other scenes by memory brought,
This one glad summer-tide shall live again
And brighten in thy thought;
This summer-tide, when first before thy feet
Thy singing children flung their garlands sweet.

While yet in breeze and sunshine we rejoice,
And echoes of our fleeting song remain,
Or ere the swelling anthem drowns our voice,

Give ear, great mother, to our parting strain!
Hail, dear protectress of our lives and toil!
A people's homage is the praise we bear;
Still bless our homes upon thy sacred soil!
And Heaven, that made thee fair,
And gave thee strength, and kept thee through all fears,
Shall guard thee still another hundred years!

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

As some late pilgrim, at a shrine
  He fain would honor, stays his feet,
Beholding how in splendor shine
  Rare gems amid the incense sweet;

Then comes at last with timid love
  To hang his simple garland there,
And bends, those richer gifts above,
  To lift his heart's unuttered prayer; —

So here to-night, when others praise
  With fitting words our city's fame,
I bring a poet's modest bays
  To wreathe around her honored name.

Though eloquence her deeds adorn,
  And music charm with heavenly art,
This humbler gift she will not scorn, —
  The tribute of a loving heart!

YON river, coursing to the main,
Threads mountain-vale and village-plain,
And seaward rolls its lordly tide
By chestnut groves and meadows wide,
While oft, within its shadowed stream,
The lights of stately cities gleam;
But ne'er a city proud and fair,

Written by invitation of the Board of Trade of Concord, and read at the dedication of its new building, October 20, 1873.

Nor pleasant village nestled there,
To you and me is half so dear
As this old town embowered here.

To you and me, though I can claim
No birthright in her blessed name;
Your childhood knew these grassy plains,
These river-banks and winding lanes,
And still you tread the fertile soil
Your fathers won by manly toil.
But late I came; and brought with me
Old memories of a northern sea,
Of streets whose lengthened vistas gave
Blue glimpses of the tossing wave;
Nor can my roving thoughts forget
Those lost delights; I see them yet, —
The rocking masts, the shifting tides,
Great ships that clove with wave-washed sides
The harbor's rim — their sails unfurled, —
And dipped below my happy world.

Oh! city smiling by the sea,
Home of my kindred, blame not me
If here my later years have found
A charm that makes this alien ground,
These river-meadows broad and green,
And inland fields, a fairer scene
Than all your prouder beauty wore,
Enthroned upon that sunlit shore!

For loving well your headlands gray,
Where sea-gulls breast the flying spray,
And longing still for one salt breeze
Blown landward from your stormy seas,
I keep a dearer niche apart
For this new home, within my heart.

Come with me, friend, if thou would'st see
How fair in dreams it looks to me,
When, weary of the restless beat
Of some great city's passing feet,
I shut my eyes, give Fancy wings,
And take whate'er the fairy brings!

No more the crowds that come and go
Can tire me with their empty show;
For in their stir she bids me hear
The sway of pine-boughs rustling near,
The lapsing floods that swirl and glide
Where bridges span a parted tide,
And Concord greets my inward sight,
Her steeples shining in the light.

How clear above her brimming stream
The swallows chatter in my dream!
How fair the golden lilies stand
That bend and bow on either hand,
As trailing through her meadow-grass,
At summer-tide I seem to pass,

While wingéd trains of butterflies
Flit round me under sunny skies!

Yes, come with me! this crowded walk
Where traders lounge and gossips talk
Is not the town I love so well;
Forsake her streets, and mount the swell
Of yonder bluff that crowns the stream, —
There see the city of my dream!

Haste thither ere the splendor dies
From late October's glowing skies!

You know the road, — how soon it yields
Wide glimpses of familiar fields
And azure heavens, as down we go,
O'er nets of rail-tracks bridged below,
And on to where the river-side
Flings its long bridge across the tide.

If odors greet us, not the best
That waft from Araby the Blest,
And country wagons, homeward bound,
Drive us to tread the dewy ground
Where poison-ivy darkly shines,
We hurry on, till stately lines
Of willows toss their plumy green
O'er marshy thickets spread between,

Where jewel-weeds so lightly hold
Their dainty horns of red and gold.

There leave the turnpike, cool and still,
Through dim glens winding up the hill!
Turn to the left! the bank is steep,
But overhanging branches weep
Their dews above the beaten sand;
And soon upon the bluff you stand,
Where runs a pathway straight and high,
Hung midway 'twixt the earth and sky.
Though close it threads the wind-swept crown,
So steep the front goes shelving down
That he who walks there will not know
What soaring pine-trees climb below,
What poplars twinkle, all unseen,
Beneath the cliff, — a belt of green,
Whose interlacing branches trace
Another pathway at its base.

If, close behind, a sun-steeped wood
Breathes out, from its near solitude,
Warm, spicy perfumes, and the bees
Sing through its aisles in drowsy ease,
He heeds it not; for, pausing there,
He fronts blue levels of the air,
And sees no nearer land before
Than that deep meadow's grassy floor,

Where swallows wheel, with twitter sweet,
Weaving their circles at his feet.

Why paint a scene whose beauties lie
Revealed before your dreaming eye?
There, in these mellow autumn days,
October spreads her golden haze,
And all the land with glory fills,
Kindling her torches on the hills.
Along the pathway whence we came
The sumach's drooping leaflets flame;
In verdant intervales below
The scarlet maples burn and glow;
And where the elm-trees stand in line
Unfading sunlight seems to shine.

Such splendors fringe thy devious track
Across our vales, proud Merrimac!
With ceaseless currents sweeping down
Past beetling cliff and steepled town,
And turning to the heavenly zone
A bluer azure than its own.

Untamed by years, forever free,
Man's title-deeds are naught to thee!
No boundaries can stay thy tide,
Scooping the mountain's shelving side,
And spurning with a new disdain
Thine ancient margin on the plain!

Each spring-time, fed by mountain-snows,
Thy flood's resistless torrent flows,
Bearing away the work of years,
Wrenching great bridges from their piers,
And hurling, with defiant hand,
Their splintered fragments to the land!
Each year beneath thy treacherous tides
Some brave young life forever glides!
And still above the smiling grave
Remorseless plays thy dimpled wave!

So smiles it now, with molten dyes
Reflected from the sunset-skies.

What haunts belovéd stretch beyond!
The sedgy shores of Horseshoe Pond,
And Wattanummun's sluggish brook, —
Where once the savage Penacook
Took deadly aim at beast and bird,
And all the silent valley heard
His whizzing arrow, where to-day
Whistles the engine on its way.

How proudly in this woodland shade
The wise chief dwelt whom he obeyed,
What mirth re-echoed o'er the tide,
When here a sachem wed his bride,
No later muse shall dare reh arse, —
It lives in Whittier's classic verse.

Not always thus with rousing cheer
Of feast and bridal passed the year!
Foes sought the vale of Penacook,
And there, within the sheltered nook
Of Sugar-Ball, thick arrows sped,
And hostile Mohawks scalped their dead.

No terms of half-forgotten lore
Were these soft Indian names of yore
To men who built our meadow-town,
With dusky faces looking down
From wooded heights; to matrons pale
Who spied the savage in the vale,
And trembled lest the moon should rise
On homesteads blazing to the skies.

If vain their fears, that shaft will tell
Whose granite shows us where they fell!
And yonder isle, that bears the name
Of her who to its margin came
A pale-faced captive, nerving there
Her valiant soul to do and dare
The utmost, if its fearful cost
Might give once more her loved and lost!

There by the stream whose waters flow
As when she heard them, long ago,
Listening in terror for a sound
From startled warriors, while the ground

Echoed each foot-fall, and her breath
Seemed warning them of coming death, —
There shall her sculptured statue rise,
Bearing its witness to the skies
  That courage knows no narrow ban,
But brave endeavors to be free,
Strong arms, and stronger will should be
  Honored in woman as in man!

These deeds our silent plains have seen,
Where now, upon their shaven green,
Fringing the river's further side,
A city stands in queenly pride.
Beyond her roof-trees, tower high,
'Twixt flowing stream and arching sky,
Long hills, whose verdurous summits bound
The heavens and gird the landscape round.
Northward, upon its upland crest,
East Concord's village fronts the west;
And there, beneath the setting sun,
The wave-like top of Cardigan,
And Ragged Mountain's broken line
In shadowy splendors faintly shine;
Kearsarge, with outlines grand and dim,
Looks proudly o'er the feathered rim
Of Rattlesnake, whose forests show,
Through gleaming scars, the wealth below
Of granite ledges quarried deep,
Wherein unbuilded temples sleep.

Far southward spring, with level crown,
The hills of distant Francestown,
Bathed in the evening's misty lights,
As fair as Beulah's peaceful heights.

Unseen the mighty peaks that rise
To heaven along those northern skies;
Unseen the lake, the shining pond,
Flashing in nearer lands beyond.
But, linked with them, the railroad leads
Its iron bands across our meads,
And Memory with their grandeur thrills,
Here in the gateway of the hills.

We linger late! the sunlight fades;
Lone night-hawks call from woodland glades,
And crickets chirp their harvest-song,
As homeward now we pass along
'Twixt dewy fields, while stars look down
In silence o'er the lighted town,
And high upon their lofty tower
Her shining dials tell the hour.

The builders of our city planned
For days to come, when o'er their land
They traced these spacious streets;
And planted by the walks they made
The giant elms whose welcome shade
Their children's children greets.

From Parson Walker's wooden fort,
Beyond the State House, where our Court
  Seeks equal laws to frame,
Their Main Street met the river's side,
Where stands the home of Rumford's bride,
  Enduring, like his fame.

Above the town, the traveller sees,
Embosomed in a grove of trees,
  Steeples and soaring domes;
But fairer than its public halls,
The thousand roofs and narrow walls
  Of humble, happy homes; —

Where, standing in its square alone,
Each cottage-homestead, overgrown
  With rose-boughs trimmed with care,
Shows where her workmen dwell at peace
With all the world, in thrifty ease,
  Blessed after Agar's prayer.

Her people, — well, is this a place
To laud my neighbors to their face
  And tell them pleasant things?
  I spare my words, but we'll agree
That angels they would surely be,
  If only they had wings!

Yet, let me say this, to their praise:
That still they keep the good old ways

That made New England strong;
Industrious, frugal, well-to-do; —
This may I call them here to you,
Without a fear of wrong.

Long may it be ere they shall know
How idle pomp and lavish show
The rich and poor divide!
Ere squalid hovels crowd the lanes,
With none to care what hidden pains
Within their walls abide!

Such Concord is! but who may see
A vision of the town to be,
When wealth shall leave its selfish aim
To bless the public whence it came,
And, leaping o'er each social ban,
Her men shall seek the good of man?

Then parks will spread their breadths of green
To add new beauty to the scene;
And Art her statued forms shall raise,
Teaching our youth to know and praise
The names that History enshrines
Upon her page in living lines.

Through vistas of our ancient trees
Mine eye, prophetic, clearly sees
A noble figure hewn in stone,

Semblance of him the world hath known,
That Yankee Count, whose deathless fame
Gives lustre to our elder name.
Should we not honor him who there,
Where monarchs crowned him, chose to bear
The title of this little town,
And link it with his great renown?
When foreign lands his works revere,
Shall Rumford be forgotten here?

But who would gain a ripened store
Of fruitage richer than before
Must labor in the present hour,
And plant the seed that brings the flower.
Guard well your schools with zealous care,
And share the work entrusted there!
Nor leave to others' words to preach
What your examples best can teach!
Thus may your children learn to prize
A noble life, a temper wise,
Serene and generous, more than gains
Won for themselves with endless pains,
Where self-respect and peace are lost,
And honor is the price they cost.

And thus shall our beloved town
Add to its wealth of old renown
A name for strength and sterling worth,
Borne, like her coaches, round the earth!

DEDICATION OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING OF CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A LITTLE, brave New England town,
They built in early days,
When they had cut the forest down,
And cleared the grassy ways.
In seemly order, side by side,
The buildings rose in modest pride,
With drooping garden-boughs between,
And trellised vines, and plots of green;
Each hearthstone laid for household cheer,
And sober feasts throughout the year.

Outside their homes, in earnest mood,
They labored for the common good;
They made their highways straight and broad,
And trees transplanted from the wood,
To shade the springing sod.

The building which contains the Public Library of Concord, New Hampshire, was presented to that city as a memorial to two eminent citizens, Hon. Asa Fowler and Mary Knox Fowler, his wife. This poem, written by request of the donors, Mr. William P. and Miss Clara M. Fowler, of Boston, Massachusetts, was read as part of the dedicatory exercises held within the new building, on October 18, 1888.

A council-hall for stern debate
On matters that concerned the state,
And many schools and churches stood,
To make men wise, and keep them good.

And so, intent on grave affairs,
  With honest toil,
They gave themselves to daily cares,
  And turned the stubborn soil.
Wealth was not there to flaunt her power,
Nor poverty, in dens to cower:
But all like helpful brothers dwelt,
Together worked, together knelt;
With little time to waste in mirth;
Mindful of heaven, but more of earth.

In time there came, to claim a home,
  A pilgrim-group, of foreign mien,—
Like straggling gypsy-bands that roam
  By village-lanes and meadows green;
Born under other skies than ours,—
A land of song, and sun, and flowers.
In gait and speech and flashing eye,
With gracious look, and bearing high,
They seemed to speak of far-off climes,
Of southern lands, and elder times.

  They gave a greeting, as they came,
And told their names with conscious pride,

As though with noble blood allied,
And not unknown to fame.
Learning, in mantle frayed and brown,
Upon an open page looked down,
Nor raised for once her eyes:
Then grave Philosophy, intent,
Who scarcely saw which way she went,
Off-looking to the skies:
And Science, young, with sturdy pace,
Advancing, bold and free,
Looked neither off to empty space
Nor dropped his gaze to see
The storied page which Learning read,—
So rapt she did not hear his tread.
He spoke not with the sauntering band,
But kept aloof, the while he scanned
— Upheld within his steady hand —
The pebble flecked with mosses brown,
The leaflet from the wayside tree;
And bent his brows with haughty frown
If they, his elders, crossed his path;
Nor strove to hide his scornful wrath
At sight of Poesy.

For he, the tricksy, venturous child,
With eyes in-looking, deep and wild,
Danced here and there, a wayward elf,
Humming his carols to himself;
But turning back anon,

Ere far his steps had gone,
With sudden start, and hurried stride,
To cling his comrades' skirts beside;
Nestling his hand within their own,
As loath to find himself alone.

No money had they in their purse;
Footsore they came.
They neither hammered, delved, nor spun,
And boasted naught that they had done;
Nor seemed to fear a stranger's curse;
Nor held it cause for shame
To beg for shelter, food, and fire,
Enough to stay their life's desire.

The boon was asked with careless grace,
As who should say, "Another place
Awaits us, but we deign to stay,
Since here we halted on the way.
Vouchsafe the paltry gifts we need,
And you shall find us friends indeed!
If forth we go, to wander free,
You are the poorer then, not we."

The citizens, for very shame,
At mention of each sounding name,
Forbore the vagrant band to chide:
They gave them liberty to take
The roof another's needs forsake,

And there in peace to bide;
To grasp whatever fruits might be
Unplucked by honest industry;
To seek the shade when days were warm,
And house themselves from wind and storm.

And so to any roof they went
Which plenty spared and sufferance lent:
And each so well his part did bear,
Content to claim his meagre share,
That soon the town with truth confessed
It ne'er had held a worthier guest.

But Poesy, when others stood
Snatching betimes their scanty food,
Was roaming far and wide,
Pulling the wild-rose from the ledge
Or asters from the wayside hedge,
And lingering in the wood
To weave a garland for his head;
By every passing fancy led
To pond and riverside;
Watching the sunset's purple state,
Till home was reached, alas, too late.

Oft went he supperless to bed,
Blowing his finger-tips for cold,—
To rise at night, when all was still,

And play upon his reedy flute
—Left all the day unblown and mute,—
  Such rapturous airs, so sweet, so bold,
High-floating over vale and hill,
That all who heard them in their sleep
Saw visions which the angels keep
For weary mortals, who would fain
Some glimpse of Paradise obtain.
Then back to chilly bed he crept,
And soon, with tired eyelids, slept.

Nor did he deem his lot unblest,
Since tender fancies warmed his breast,
And music wafted to the wind
His woes, and left content behind.
But ere he slept, the pitying Muse
Fed her dear child with honeyed dews,
Gathered where sparkling waters shine,
With sweet ambrosia, food divine.

They held such converse, deep and high,
This stranger-band, as years went by,
  That friends they won among the few;
Who saw fresh glories in the sky,
  And subtler meanings drew
From changing aspects of the field,—
The priceless crops their furrows yield;
Ungarnered till at length they find
A storehouse in the thinker's mind.

A joy serene was taught to age,
Who learned to con the studious page,
To ponder with a deeper glance
Each passing deed and circumstance:
And sometimes to their halls would stray
Young men and maids, from idle play.

In time these wandering pilgrims came
To brighten homes of generous aim,
  Responsive to some high behest;
And honored thus throughout the year,
In days of leisure, hours of cheer,
  There grew in many a youthful breast
  A liking for each gentle guest;
Till finer manners, nobler thought,
A grace and culture, thus were taught.

One home whose portals open flew
  Whene'er these pilgrims came,
Whose honored seats the master drew
  Beside the hearth's bright flame,
Sent forth to other homes the ray
Whose light still broadens unto day.
There Learning, Truth, Philosophy,
  A cordial greeting found,
With converse flowing free;
The pulse to quicker life was stirred,
Thought flashed, and flew the wingèd word:
  And deep discourse went round.

Alas! for us the fires no longer glow
Upon that hearthstone; friendship's joy is fled;
Swift to salute us comes no welcoming voice,
No hastening footsteps, with the well-known tread.
At eve no more do favored loiterers sit,
By love detained, around the shining board,
While queenly mistress, 'mid the play of wit,
Rules the bright feast, and adds the trenchant word.
The tones are hushed that bade our hearts rejoice,
The shafts of wit are sped;
And strangers o'er the threshold come and go,
Nor heed, nor know
Where linger mute reminders of the dead.

Trained in that household, which fond memory sees
As erst the happy home of lettered ease,
Two almoners extend a willing hand
To bless for aye the pilgrim-band.
They bid their feet no longer roam,
But here to find a lasting home: —
One free to all; since none may stay
The flood where minds their thirst would slake:
The power that would exclusion make,
And raise a bar to keep away
The poorest lad from Learning's shelf, —
To youthful Burns and Shakespeare say,

"No boys with neither friends nor pelf
Have entrance here; the books are ours,"
Would dwarf a soul's expanding powers,
Would rob the world, and rob itself!

To sire and matron long revered
This fitting monument is reared;
And brighter filial love shall shine
When burning here on Learning's shrine.
Brother and sister, side by side,
Have come to ope the portals wide;
They greet these wanderers, — now no more
Stray exiles on a friendless shore.
We see them pass, and give them cheer,
These pilgrims loved for many a year;
Who shall not honor them, who sees
Their stately dwelling 'mid the trees?

Ah! Learning, Truth, and Poesy,
You now are hosts, the guests are we!
Well may you turn to bless the hands
  Which give such largess from their store;
His soul, which all your dower expands,
  Can tender you no more,
Than when he plans with patient care
Your home within this temple fair.
  For her, so loved, — we know her well;
The half nor you nor I may tell;
To me a pleasure, her, a pain,

To voice the praise our hearts contain.
I sometimes think, when her I find
So gay and brave, so true and kind,
'T is Rosalind herself again
Come back to solace mortal men!

Full many a sorrow added to its own,
And many a joy, the scholar's heart has known,
Seeking for wisdom in the world of books.
How cold and dead, to outward vision, looks
  The volume known to fame!
Yet smouldering fire and blasts of quickening strength
Wait in its pages, leaping forth, at length,
  To touch the soul responsive to its flame.

  And if, in future years, some idling youth,
For whom the shop, the anvil, and the plough
Have no enticing call, — if such as he,
  Startled by words of truth
Within these alcoves slumbering even now,
Shall find at last his prisoned soul set free,
His heart no longer mute,
And striking then the poet's quivering lute,
Shall waken melodies of wondrous power,
Unheard till that glad hour;
And, in immortal verse,
Which years to come and nations shall rehearse,
  — So sweet the matchless strains, —
Picture for aye these level intervales,

The sandy, pine-dark plains,
The palisaded bluffs, the impetuous stream,
The granite ledges, and the chestnut woods,
With charm that never fails:
Or, in impassioned dream,
Which takes no note of nature's solitudes,
Reveal the spirit's moods,
The same in every age and every clime;
Voice the keen agony that Sorrow knows
When fates, relentless, deal their cruel blows:
Sing of Love's flame, and Hope's bright rhapsody,
And soaring Faith sublime;
To minds untaught a quicker life impart,
From ignorance set free;
With trust in heaven sustain the sinking heart;
Teach wealth with poverty its goods to share;
For scorn, send pity; courage, for despair.
Till the brave carol dry the sufferer's tear,
The friendless toiler cheer,
And, sweeping on with accent deep and strong,
Arouse the world to lessen human wrong, —
If this the poet's mission, this his song,
Who will not deem the voice divinely given, —
A seraph pleading from the courts of heaven?

When such a singer, from some humble home
In happy years to come,
A spell of genius o'er the land shall cast,
And crown the city with his splendid fame,

His townsmen, reckoning sordid gain and loss
And hoarded stores of generations past,
May prize their wealth, but count it all as dross
Matched with the proud possession of his name!

And if no honor come, nor wealth, nor power,
The while he lives,
He will not lack his life's sufficient dower,
The cheer which comfort gives.
Nature shall solace him with beauty born
His finer sense to feed;
The clouds his chariot, and the wind of morn
His coursing steed.
And when he pines for converse sweet and high.
Unrecognized, forlorn,
Apollo's self, descending from the sky,
Shall bear him on
To join the Muses where they sit and sing,
A happy band, by Helicon's bright spring.

But should no kingly bard, from Heaven sent,
With glimmering beauty deck the common fields,
Forever from these walls, with influence unspent,
Will flow the blessed power which knowledge wields;
The sweet humanities can never roam
To leave your borders; agencies divine,
Blessing the farm-house and the city home,
These books shall prove, to strengthen and refine.

And loftier purpose shall their pages preach,
  Luring mankind to live a braver life;
A true philanthropy these halls will teach,
  Calling our youth from wealth's ignoble strife,
And saying, — Fortune is a sacred trust:
Use it to make men wise, and merciful and just!

Then men shall see that all the outward realm,
Whose charms material our senses hold,
Is but the shadow, lustreless and cold;
That thought, and spirit, and the soul's ideal
Are life's strong pilots, sitting at the helm,
Bearing us on, through Error's passing shows,
To what alone is absolute and real, —
The final verities which Heaven knows!

MISSION OF THE MODERN CHURCH

WHO walks to-day across the desert lands
  Of far Baalbec, sees, flashing in the sun,
Great shafts of marble, set in whirling sands;
  Whose lofty capitals, when day is done,
Bear to the light their crowns of sculptured stone,
Ruins of some proud temple overthrown.

No dome above them nearer than the sky;
  No walls more solid than the viewless air;
Shattered beneath, their gleaming arches lie;
  And where broad steps preserve the polished stair,
Once swept by crowds, a few lone pilgrims tread,
With echoing feet, the pavements of the dead.

Some Moslem rage had scathed the pillared plain,
  Or curse of Heaven entailed a slower doom;
Till none toiled thither, save the camel-train
  That passed with ventures from the Tyrian loom,
Or startled Arab, roving from his band;
Whose wondering eyes their vast proportions scanned.

What splendid city once was centred there,
  What race it held, to what protecting god

Written by invitation of the Unitarian Church of Concord, New Hampshire; and read there October 1, 1879, at a service held within the church, for the dedication of a new chapel attached to its walls.

Rose the grand temple, so supremely fair
When festal throngs its stately porches trod,
And shaming time and fate in its decay,
Let vagrant winds and doubtful rumor say!

Thine, great Apollo, is the sacred name
These pillars bear, — the Temple of the Sun!
Thine was the altar and the altar's flame!
And now, of all thy worshippers, not one
Lives to invoke thine oracle divine,
No priest adores thee at thy crumbling shrine!

Yet long as ruined fanes shall crown the steep
By eastern shores, the traveller will turn
To ponder there the problems that still keep
Their old significance; for faith will burn,
And human hearts with love responsive beat
Where once religion held her honored seat.

Where grief had come to lay its burden down,
Where heavenly longing sighed its rapturous breath,
Where faith, in visions, saw the victor's crown
Awaiting chastened spirits after death, —
There has the spot, where Error lived and died,
By man's deep reverence been sanctified.

Who scorns the past knows not its priceless dower;
Nor what inheritance of deed and thought
Hath made the fulness of the present hour,

And all its sweet associations wrought,
Till life were beggared and the world forlorn
If once the treasures of the past were gone.

Scholar and poet, Christian though they be,
Still worship in the Temple of the Sun;
Apollo lives, the god of Poesy;
Each day on high his shining course is run
Through flashing skies; and bright Aurora waits
His glorious coming at her purple gates.

O'er shadowy peaks at night, when winds are laid,
Dian still guides afar the moonlit chase;
Pan wanders piping down the forest glade
To troops of listening fauns; with dreadful face
Jove hurls his thunder where the tempest raves,
And Neptune calms the tumult of the waves.

The dead religion peoples with its brood
Of airy folk the universe we see;
It left its sea-nymphs gliding in the flood,
Hid laughing dryads in the rustling tree,
And wrote on starlit spaces of the air
Immortal tragedies of love's despair.

Thus hath it clothed with human interest
Th' insensate life of tree and star and flower;
Given a human soul to bird and beast,
And wrought our alien hearts, with such sweet power,

To sympathy with all the voiceless kind
That common ties our kindred natures bind.

For this, as for that matchless art of thine,
That wrought a vision of thy gods in stone,
Till, by the sculptor's chisel made divine,
They bear immortal life on earth alone,
The poet's heart must reverence thy dust,
O faith of Greece! — the Christian shall be just.

This Grecian faith the conquering Roman gave
To Syrian cities; and in turn received
From one small province he had made his slave,
Far on the Syrian coast, the faith believed
By Europe's every race that built its home
On lands dismembered from barbaric Rome.

A faith of many creeds, — as prophets saw,
Through lapsing virtues of the elder church,
Some clearer revelations of God's law,
And won disciples in their earnest search;
Till sects unnumbered sought the Christian fold,
Bringing new dogmas to replace the old.

Alike in this, — a reverent assent
To faith in one Creator, good and wise,
In Christ, its founder, as divinely sent
To lift men's souls to nobler destinies, —
Till all shall join in one great brotherhood,
Each life a labor for the common good.

From these according truths how widely stray
All lesser tenets where the mind is free!
From doctrines preached where papal Rome has sway,
To bold dissenter's latest heresy;
While mild Religion, under every guise,
Blends cold belief with loving sympathies.

No ancient system of belief we hold,
Though truths like ours the early fathers taught;
For scarcely yet a hundred years have rolled
Since Channing's birth; and his the ripened thought
That gave New England, from her bondage free,
A nobler faith and larger liberty.

No mighty minsters rise beyond the seas
To lift our creed on their emblazoned walls;
No vestured choirs chant their litanies
Within the simple courts where Reason calls
Her clear-eyed children to adore the might
Of Him whose bounty grants us life and light.

His name we frame not in our paltry speech;
No finite thought can comprehend His powers;
Nature and man, His own creations, teach
What laws are His, what obligations ours.
We read His greatness in the vaulted skies,
The earth reveals Him bounteous and wise.

A trust in man must follow faith in God,
Since nothing human is, but all divine.

Man's soul from its Creator came endowed
With love of right; and Heaven will not consign
An erring child to woe, with frowning face,
Unless appeased by interceding grace.

The church we honor frees the fettered mind
From ancient bonds of ignorance and sin;
The good it covets is for all mankind;
It seeks no Heaven which others may not win;
Content with man its every bliss to share,
Or with him sink to pitiless despair.

It says to human thought, — No slave art thou,
Vassal of church or state! pursue thy way
Free as the air that sweeps the mountain's brow!
All realms are thine to enter and survey.
Thou seekest Truth; the Church must bow to her,
Religion's self her humblest worshipper.

It says to science, — God's recorded word
Was not entrusted unto man alone;
The story of creation, still unheard,
Lies writ on tablets of unquarried stone;
Thine to decipher earth's embedded scroll,
But ours to seek therein th' indwelling soul!

Such the belief these sacred walls have heard,
Preached by brave souls for many steadfast years.
What tender memories the hour has stirred

In hearts that listen! what resistless tears
Well forth at visions of the loved of yore
Whose clasping hands may greet us nevermore!

The living meet here, but not they alone;
Up the long aisle, with noiseless footsteps, tread
A shadowy throng, from realms to us unknown, —
Grave, aged men, now numbered with the dead,
Fair maids, and smiling children with sweet eyes,
Who left these courts for worship in the skies.

The very air seems dreaming of the past;
It thrills again to silvery cadences
From lips now mute; it feels the organ-blast,
Bearing aloft sonorous harmonies
Forever hushed; and from departed hours
Steals the faint breath of blooming altar-flowers.

Yet look not to the past! the future waits
For help of thine; her pleading orphans come
Soon to confront thee at thy open gates,
O mother church! — hast thou for them a home?
The heavy-laden turn to thee for rest;
Clasp Sorrow's children to thy pitying breast!

Maintain thy sacred trust! while others seek
The favor of the great, be this thy pride, —
Against the many, valiant words to speak
For truths unpopular and rights denied.

Boast that the friendless love thy service best,
That with thee walk the poor and the opprest!

Let the dear saints you canonize be they
  Who for religious freedom lived and died;
Who sought, by labors for mankind, to stay
  Grief's bitter flood, and Error's whelming tide;
In whatsoever church or land or time,
They held their course with fortitude sublime.

Thy prophets they who in the darkling east
  Saw freedom's dawn, and led the world to see, —
The Greek philosopher and English priest,
  Italian friar, and German monk, and he
Who trod Judea's fields, — and all who brought
A clearer vision to man's struggling thought.

O modern church! to thine own self be true!
  Live not content with thine heroic past,
So long as labor waits for thee to do!
  Nor deem thy crown has come to thee at last!
Truth still pleads barefoot at the convent gate,
While Error sits enthroned amid the great.

When time shall see thee mumbling o'er a creed,
  Praying within thy pale for faith, not light,
Thine eyes averted from thy brother's need,
  A craven champion of imperilled right, —
Then, from thy tottering temple Truth shall fly
To wider limits and a freer sky!

PRINCE HENRY OF PORTUGAL THE NAVIGATOR

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FIVE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH

FIVE hundred years; and yet on earth
We note the day that gave him birth
In lands afar;
The stainless prince, — he lives again,
As pure of soul, as brave, as when
He moved a leader among men,
Their guiding star.

His mother's worth, his father's fame
Summon the boy to nobler aim
Than courts inspire;
High thoughts his youthful dreams control;
From war's assaults his ardent soul
Turns to pursue a loftier goal,
His life's desire.

Read in Boston, March 4, 1894, at a public meeting held by the Castilian Club, in honor of this noble and enlightened son of a Portuguese king.

Prince Henry, born in Oporto, March 4, 1394, was, through his mother, great-grandson of Edward III of England; and it was the widow of one of his captains, and the possessor of some of his maritime charts, who became the wife of Columbus.

BATALHA ABBEY, PORTUGAL

A thirst for wisdom in his heart,
A proud resolve to bear his part
With men renowned,
He seeks to benefit his race,
To give his land an honored place, —
And o'er unfathomed seas to trace
The horizon's bound.

No princely revenues he spends
On idle pomp, for petty ends,
Or selfish gain;
Of frugal life, his wealth he pours
To lift the veil from hidden shores,
To round the farthest cape, where roars
The trackless main.

His science frames the guiding chart,
He trains the captains for their part;
The ships obey;
Onward they sail at his behest,
Knowledge and light their only quest,
While Heaven he asks, with reverent breast,
To lead the way.

He loves the raging winds that sweep
His venturous fleets across the deep
Toward distant lands!
No music like the smiting oar,
The cordage strained, the surges' roar,

The shout of sailors far from shore,
The shrill commands.

For palace floors, the grating sand;
His roof, the cloudy spaces fanned
By freshening gales;
The sun-burnt crew his courtiers all;
The stars his counsellors; the call
Of boatswain's piping, and the fall
Of shivering sails, —

These are his minstrels; his acclaim
When savage races speak his name
And learn his art.
With single purpose, high and pure,
No failures daunt, nor doubts obscure;
To science wed, no loves allure
His constant heart.

High on the storm-swept, barren cape,
'Mid spray and mist, a gallant shape,
I see him stand,
Shading his eyes, if yet there be
Far southward, on the gleaming sea,
The speck that tells his argosy
Returns to land.

No snowy sails can shine so fair,
No laden caravels can bear

So rich a prize,
As when, half-wrecked, with splintered mast,
His shattered fleet comes home at last,
To tell of limits overpassed
And widening skies.

Such the good prince whose science gave
To seamen power to cross the wave
In years to come.
Their ships another world shall trace,
The while he joins his father's race
And makes with them his dwelling place
His lasting home.

I stood, a pilgrim by their tomb,
Where all the chapel's storied gloom
Their lives recall:
O'er pillared arch and fretted stone
The windows' lofty splendors shone,
With flecks of molten color thrown
On floor and wall.

The victor-king, in martial pride,
Dreams still of war, his queen beside,
And smiles intent;
Lord of a realm by valor won,
His temple reared, his labors done,
The sceptre passing to his son,
He sleeps content.

His noble queen, beneath the light
Where leopards tell of England's might,
Forgets her throne,
Her native land; for what to her
Are thoughts of haughty Lancaster
Or Lisbon's state? Her pulses stir
To clasp her own:

From battle-field and Moorish plain
The five brave sons have come again,
Her call to heed;
King Duarte, weary of his crown;
Pedro, his pilgrims' staff laid down;
Henry and John; of sad renown,
Her captive, freed.

All save the exiled Isabel,
The only daughter, loved so well,
Who rests, at last,
Where Burgundy's proud lords repose;
Herself at peace or ere she knows
Her son lies slain amid his foes,
His triumphs past.

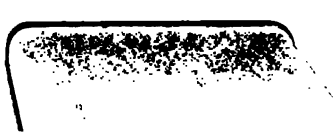
Batalha, home where heroes sleep,
Long may your sheltering bosom keep
Its priceless dust!
There still shall slumber side by side,
This royal house, a nation's pride,

To tell how princes lived and died,
High-souled and just.

Five hundred years are but a day
When Honor summons such as they
To deathless fame.
And long as ocean's current pours
Past Sagres Cape and Afric's shores,
Madeira and the bright Azores,
Shall Memory keep amid her stores
Prince Henry's name.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

[illegible]		
MAY 15 1916		
[illegible]		
JUN -7		

form 110 5-22-16